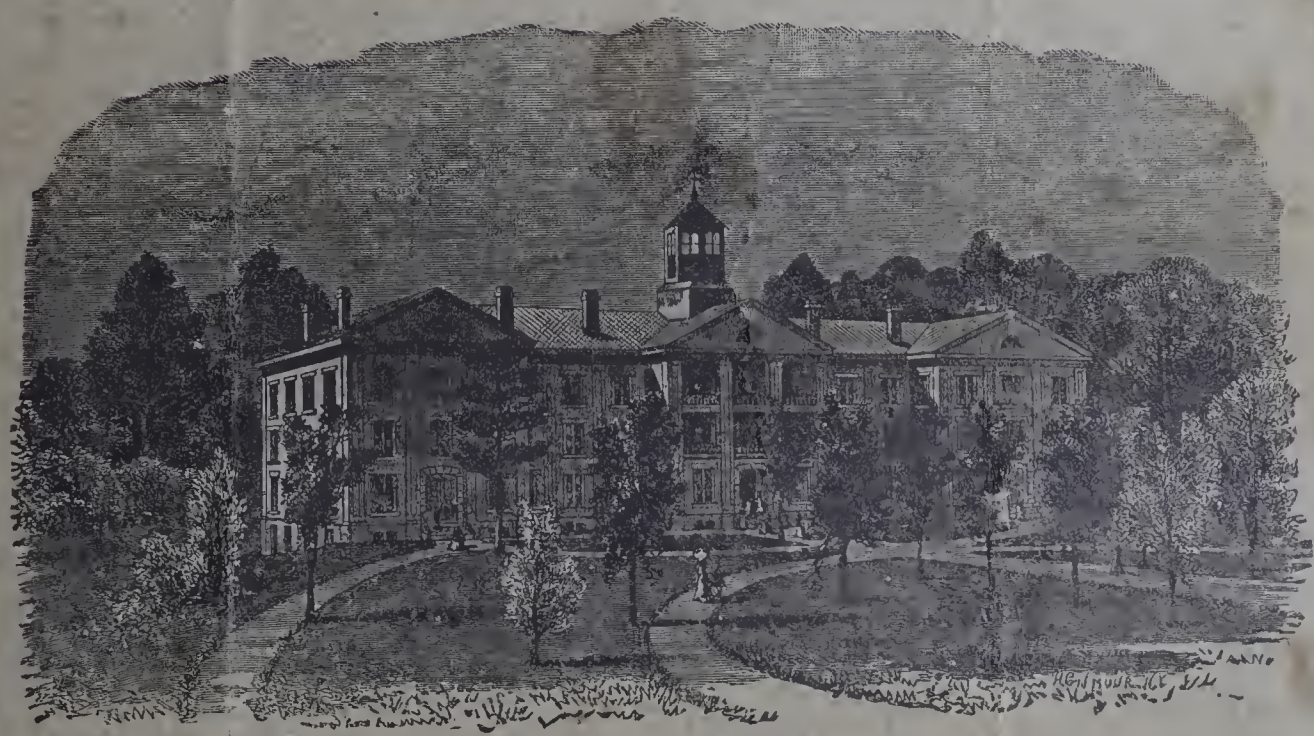
Volume 5. FEBRUARY. Number 1.

COLLEGE MESSAGE,

A Monthly Journal

Devoted to the interest of Greensboro Female College.



CONTENTS.

Rev. Ben Franklin Dixon, M. D. 1
Literary Department. ISABELLE D. MONTGOMERY, Editor. 2-5
College Department. BESSIE HOYLE, Editor 5-7
Alumnæ Department. MARY DURHAM, Editor 7-8
Books and Exchanges. B. M. LEE, Editor 8-9
The King's Daughters' Department. EVA MILLER, Editor 10
Locals. LILLIE JONES, Editor 11

1892.

Entered at the Post Office in Greensboro, N. C., as Second-Class Matter.

Thomas Bros., Power Job Printers, Greensboro.

A BOW

TO THE YOUNG LADIES

—FROM—

Fitzsimons' Drug Store.

Delicate Soaps to Soften the Hands and Beautify the Complexion, the Sweetest Sachets and Perfumes, Brushes for the Hair, for the Nails, for the Teeth.

Quality—the Best. Prices—the Lowest.

GEO. FITZSIMONS.

JOHNSON & DORSETT,

DRY GOODS AND SHOES.

Largest Stock of Fine

DRESS GOODS,

Ladies' and Gent's

Fine Shoes and Slippers

Ever shown in the city.

COME AND SEE.

206 & 208 S. Elm St., GREENSBORO, N. C.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

This institution was founded by the North Carolina Conference, chartered in 1838, opened for the reception of students in 1846, and continued in successful operation until its destruction by fire in 1863. It was re-opened in 1873. The purpose of its founders was to furnish to young ladies the necessary advantages and facilities for the acquisition of a thorough and accomplished education. For many years it has enjoyed a reputation unsurpassed by any female college in the South, and standing as the mother of chartered female colleges in North Carolina, it still holds its place in the front rank of those institutions which aim at the higher education of women.

More than five hundred graduates and several thousand other young ladies, who received their chief training in the college, have gone out from its halls, exerting an elevating and refining influence upon society, and filling their homes with the light of a beautiful, cultivated, Christian womanhood.

The institution is still endeavoring to accomplish the object of its original establishment as a Methodist college, and though denominational in character, it is in no offensive sense sectarian. Terms now offered to daughters of ministers in regular pastoral work are more liberal than heretofore. The advantages offered by this institution are not surpassed by those of any female school in the South.

LOCATION, BUILDINGS, &C.

The College is located near the western limits of Greensboro, on an eminence "beautiful for situation," in the center of a campus embracing forty acres The broad walks, well shaded, afford ample space for outdoor exercise and recreation.

The building is very large, commodious, and well adapted to school purposes, containing a capacious chapel, and dining room study hall, lecture, recitation and music rooms, parlors, reading room, art studio, and dormitories for one hundred and seventy-five boarding pupils. The art studio and study hall are in the north side of the building, with several large windows in each, through which a soft pleasant light is admitted. The building is well furnished with electric lights, hot and cold baths, steam laundry, and steam heating. Full particulars can be had by addressing the President.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

https://archive.org/details/collegemessagese5131gree

NCC
NcU

DR. B. F. DIXON, President.

COLLEGE MESSAGE.

Vol. V. Greensboro, N. C., February, 1892. No. 1.

REV. BEN FRANKLIN DIXON, M. D.

Dr. Ben Franklin Dixon, late Superintendent of the Oxford Orphan Asylum, an institution supported jointly by the Masonic fraternity and the State, was born March 26, 1846, in Cleveland county North Carolina, and is a son of Thomas and Mary Winter Dixon, both natives of North Carolina, and of English and Irish extraction respectively. He was educated at the White Plains High School and at Charleston, S. C. In 1861, at the age of fifteen, he left school and entered the Confederate service as a private in company D, Fourth North Carolina Regiment of Volunteers of Infantry. This regiment was subsequently known as the 14th regiment In 1863 he was elected lieutenant of company G, 49th regiment, Ransom's brigade, and for meritorious conduct was subsequently promoted to the rank of captain of his company, being at that time only eighteen years of age, perhaps the youngest commissioned officer in the service, although commanding a tried and true company of battle-scarred veterans. During his four years of service in the army he distinguished himself as a brave, discreet and efficient military leader. He received several wounds during his service. Once at the battle of Drewry's Bluff, the ball entering at the wrist and escaping near the elbow; again at the battle of Malvern Hill he was shot through the left arm; and again at the battle of Petersburg he was shot in the left side. In July, 1865, he returned home from the war and for two years devoted himself exclusively to teaching school and studying medicine in Cleveland county, N. C. In 1868 he entered the Gospel ministry, having stood an approved examination in theology, and joined the South Carolina Annual Conference of the M. E. Church, South. He was stationed for one year at Sumter, S. C., where he was instrumental in accomplishing great good in the blessed Master's service. He was next stationed at Monroe. At the close of his first year in the ministry all the territory belonging to the South Carolina Conference lying within North Carolina was transferred to the North Carolina Conference, and Dr. Dixon's home being in that territory, he joined the North Carolina Conference and was stationed at Monroe as above mentioned. He remained at Monroe two years, where his labors were abundantly rewarded, and the impress of his holy life indelibly stamped upon the hearts and minds of that community. He was next appointed to Shelby circuit. His health in the meantime becoming impaired, he was advised by his physician to locate, which he did at the end of his year on the Shelby circuit. After the completion of his medical course at Charleston, S. C., he began the practice of his profession at King's Mountain, N. C., where he conducted a successful practice for ten years. In 1884 he was elected Superintendent of the Oxford Orphan Asylum, which position he filled with eminent ability and acceptability until September 1890, when he was unanimously elected by the Trustees of Greensboro Female College as President of that institution, to succeed the late lamented Dr. Jones. In commenting upon the appointment of Dr. Dixon as Superintendent of the Orphan Asylum, the Oxford paper used the following complimentary and merited language: "Everybody in North Carolina who knows Dr. Dixon loves him. He is better suited for the peculiar work than any man we ever knew. * * * * * This is high praise but we weigh our words and we know the man of whom we speak. The Masonic fraternity seems to have been given superior wisdom when it induced Dr. Dixon to give up his large practice to take charge of the Asylum. He accepted the place at a personal sacrifice as a call to duty. * * * He is now engaged in the work for which he seems to have been made. He is thoroughly appreciated and greatly loved by the people of Oxford, as well as by the friends of the orphans throughout the State. Under his management the Asylum has prospered and the children have been well cared for and properly instructed. Good management and perfect system have characterized Dr. Dixon's administration of the affairs of the institution."

And the Trustees of Greensboro Female College seem also to have been endowed with eminent wisdom in the selection of Dr. Dixon to succeed that distinguished and Christian gentleman, Dr. Jones. A more worthy and qualified successor could not have been found in the State. In the art of imparting knowledge, of training and moulding character, and the inculcation of religious truth, the Dr. occupies a position in the front rank of distinguished educators, and there are few brighter Masons, more exemplary Christians, or polished gentlemen within the bounds of the old North State. He was married in July, 1877, to Nora C., accomplished daughter of Dr. J. W. Tracy, of King's Mountain, N. C. To this union have been born three children, viz: Pearl, Benj. F. and Wright T. The Public Ledger, in speaking of Mrs. Dixon leaving Oxford, says: "A host of friends in Oxford regret the departure of Mrs. Dr. B. F. Dixon and her interesting family for their future home in Greensboro. During her long stay in Oxford, she has won the love of all classes of people, and is looked upon by all as being one of the most admirable women in North Carolina."

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

ISABELLE D. MONTGOMERY, Editor.

Another year has been added to those of the past.

No longer do we write—save in retrospection—1891, but 1892.

The Seniors are now beginning to feel that Spring is coming and with it Commencement, when they will receive as a reward for their labors the long coveted diplomas.

With the new leaves and chirping birds will come this new era in their lives.

After this has been passed in anticipation, how many plans they make—how full of ambition they are.

Some of these "day-dreams" will be realized, others will vanish, for the year holds for each its lessons as well as its pleasures.

Spend not the time in regretting the mistakes of the past nor in making resolutions that can never be kept.

Face each day's temptation—perform every duty, and in every way

"So live that when thy summons come to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

With this issue the "COLLEGE MESSAGE" revives and launches forth upon a new volume.

We imagine the smiles and kind welcome with which it will be greeted by the many patrons and friends of G. F. College.

It may be interesting just here to review briefly the history of our journal and to give an account of its former editors.

The "COLLEGE MESSAGE" was first under the management of Miss Evelyn R. Ellsworth in 1885.

Miss Ellsworth was at that time Musical Directress of the College and was one of the most efficient that has ever occupied that position. She is now Mrs. Thos. L. Jones, of Hays City, Kansas. Upon the resignation of Miss Ellsworth, in the Spring of 1886, the MESSAGE was continued under the management of Miss Eudora D. Jones, then lady principal, and Miss Lillian Arnold, then teacher of Elocution, now Mrs. John Schaaff, of Washington City.

Miss Jones is now assistant lady principal in Miss Willard's school for American girls in Berlin.

Miss Arnold resigned her position in the spring of 1887, leaving the magement in charge of Miss Jones, and it was then continued until the resignation of Miss Jones, in 1889.

There has been for various reasons no issue since that time.

Owing to the death of Dr. Turner M. Jones, the former beloved and esteemed president of our college, the management of the institution has undergone a change and is now in the hands of Dr. B. F. Dixon, whose efficiency surpasses all doubt and who is as popular as he is admirable.

Urgent requests have been received from time to time for a continuation of the "MESSAGE," and Dr. Dixon decided to respond to these by issuing a number for February, under the management of the senior class.

In view of this, a meeting of the class was called on Monday evening, Jan. 18, which resulted in the election of the following as editors:

Alumnæ Department—Miss Mary Durham.
Books and Exchange Dep't—Miss Bertha Lee.
Local Department—Miss Lily Jones.
College Department—Miss Bessie Hoyle.
Literary Department—Miss Isabelle Montgomery.
King's Daughters Dep't—Miss Eva Miller.
Business Manager—Miss Kate S. Westbrook.

The advantages to be gained through a college journal are numerous.

It creates a closer feeling between the college and the public, making the latter more alive to the advantages of the institution as well to its needs and necessities.

It serves to keep alive the alumnal interest in their *alma mater*, and in addition is a good means for developing the latent faculties of the girls who are as yet mere novices.

Since the publication of this magazine is dependent upon them they are inspired to do their very best and thus they become educated by thinking for themselves as a result from close observation—the best means for developing thought.

We hope THE MESSAGE has before it many prosperous and useful years, and that after the senior class of 1892 has faithfully done its duty and passed out into the world, the successive classes will take up the work and make of THE COLLEGE MESSAGE a journal which will be a credit to the institution and a help to mankind.

A SKETCH OF HELLEN KELLER.

BY JULIA MAGRUDER.

The interest and enthusiasm excited all over the country by the marvellous achievements in learning of Helen Keller, the little Alabama girl who, under the age of two years, lost, through an attack of illness, sight, hearing and speech, leads the writer to believe that a little paper on this wonderful child, gleaned from private sources. will be of interest to the readers of the COLLEGE MESSAGE. The following account has been given the writer by members of Helen's own family and its authenticity in every respect is beyond question.

Helen was examined and treated by various specialists all over this continent and her case pronounced hopeless. At the age of six years a teacher was procured for her at the Perkins Institute, Boston, and her educatiou begun through the medium of touch only. She was eleven years old in June last, so she has been under instruction for five years. The past two years her education has been carried on at the Perkins Institute, her governess remaining with her as her special instructor and guardian during her absence from her parents. The bond is so

close between Helen and her teacher, Miss Sullivan, that it seems unlikely that they will ever consent to be separated. Miss Sullivan comes home with Helen for vacations and they are both glad of the rest, as they are so sought after everywhere and have so many receptions and entertainments given them that they live quite an active and exciting life. Every one loves Helen and she receives a great deal of attention, especially from learned men and women. Two of her dearest friends are Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Bishop Phillips Brooks. On the fourth of last July Helen had a little brother born and her parents allowed her to name the baby. She at once decided on Phillips Brooks. She wrote the Bishop a long letter of eight pages, telling all about the baby and describing him minutely. She spoke of his lovely little hands and said: "I wonder what our Heavenly Father has for these little hands to do!" and went on to say she had asked her teacher who had replied: "That is God's secret."

Helen is very lovely in disposition, knows nothing but good, and is absolutely trusting and confiding. She has been taught to speak quite plainly, with rather a gutteral sound, and she is now most carefully learning modulation, so that her voice may be sweet and agreeable. She has rather a French accent, and is, by-the-way, a good French scholar. Of course she has been thoroughly taught the sign language, but since she can speak she rarely uses her fingers, having the most perfect command of language and always using the purest English. By placing her fingers lightly on the lips of a person who is speaking, she can understand every word and her family talk with her in that way a good deal. If talked to on the fingers she has merely to touch the hand very lightly, and she nearly always anticipates the sentence before it is half spelt out to her.

The amount of knowledge acquired by this child through the medium of touch alone, goes so far beyond the acquirements of any fully endowed child ever heard of that it is almost incredible. Nothing like it has ever been seen or heard of in the world, and she is continually and eagerly seeking for more knowledge. She takes a great deal of exercise, is a wonder in the gymnasium, being almost equal to a circus-rider, and is large and finely developed, with an excellent figure.

Besides writing fluently the square hand taught to the blind, Helen is a proficient in the use of of the type-writer, and in this way writes all her manuscript. She has published several stories and will soon issue a book of short stories, the proceeds of which are to be devoted to the education of a little, deaf, dumb and blind boy, Tommy Stringer, whom Helen is teaching herself, and defraying all the expenses of his education, &c. When the case of this child was reported at the Perkins Institute, which is of course an expensive place, Helen begged to be allowed to undertake this task. She had about thirty dollars of her own and making this a nucleus she began her labor of love, which was promptly seconded and aided by money and sympathy from all over the country.

The following extract from the Boston *Transcript* describes a visit made by Helen to the pupils of Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass.:

ANDOVER, Mass., May 16, 1891. —This week has been made memorable to the teachers and students of Abbott Academy by a visit from Helen Keller and her teacher, Miss Sullivan. Helen entered immediately into the heart of the school life, greeting with genuine pleasure all of the many new friends. The various rooms of Draper Hall had a special interest for her, as associated with these friends, and every beautiful object to which her attention was directed was examined with enthusiastic eagerness.

During the evening recreation time it was a great pleasure to watch Helen as she shared in the merry spirit of the hour.

In the music room, sitting by the piano, with her hand upon the instrument, she showed in her face and motions keen enjoyment of several music selections, while through the medium of her sensitive hand placed upon the throat of a singer she received impressions of a song. A little later, when the pupils were assembled in the drawing-room, the writer was especially impressed with Helen's unconscious grace and beauty.

In the midst of the large circle of friends the child won the loving interest of every heart. She entertained the company by full descriptions of recent visits to Lexington and Concord, entering with earnestness into the patriotic spirit of the places. When she came to the subject of the battles, her face grew sad and she said, "Was it not dreadful for men to kill each other so?" Instantly, however, she added, "But I am glad the brave Minute Men were not afraid to die when it was their duty to fight. I am sure that my father would have been one of them if he had been living then."

Her love for Miss Alcott was made evident by her description of a visit to the home of "Little Women." She said of the house, "It is not beautiful; but I love it for the sake of brave, loving Miss Alcott."

This morning Helen was invited by the art teacher to the cast-room of Abbott Academy. Here she saw for the first time a head of Niobe, and upon passing her hands over the face she at once recognized its expression of suffering.

Her acquaintance with the great names in mythology, history, and literature became apparent in the examination of other casts. Two heads of Nero—one representing him as a child, and the

other as an emperor—were most carefully examined and contrasted and it was a sad wonder to Helen how such "a sweet and innocent child" could develop into the wicked man she knew Nero to have been. From the lips of the *man's* face she quickly read the dominant characteristic of pride.

She was much depressed by the thought and sorrow depicted upon the face of Dante. When the face was named for her she said at once, "He was an Italian writer and lived in Florence." Later in the day, as if the face was still present in her mind, she asked her teacher what had brought grief into Dante's life.

Venus was joyfully recognized, and a head of Zeus suggested a vivacious recitation of the following Homeric lines relating to Athena:

"She sprang of a sudden from out the immortal head, shaking her pointed lance; huge Olympus was shaken to its base upon the weight of the gray-eyed goddess, and all around the earth groaned terribly."

In decided contrast to the casts of ancient sculpture was a baby figure of the Renaissance period of Art. This was examined with loving tenderness, while to every feature of its face and form Helen applied descriptive work from a poem recently learned. As her hand rested upon the baby forehead, the words were—

"A brow reflecting the soul within,
Untouched by sorrow, unmarked by sin"

Helen showed much pleasure in receiving from the senior class a cast of "The Lion of Lucerne," in remembrance of her visit. From the cast room she went to a studio containing many articles used as subjects for sketching or painting. Here, as when among the casts, she exhibited an appreciative knowledge of whatever she examined. Very often one realized how poets' words had made things beautiful to her, as for instance, when she examined a flax-wheel and asked if the flax were blue, thinking of the poetical simile—

'Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax."

It was most interesting to note Helen's examination of two quaint little figures, illustrative of "The Brownies." Her teacher did not suppose that Helen had ever heard of hard-working fairies; but when told about the brownies, she remembered the elves who had helped a poor shoemaker make shoes.

Abbot Academy wished to share with others the pleasure of her guest, and for a period of more than two hours Helen entertained with surprising versatility, many of the people of Andover.

She was much interested in meeting some of the teachers from Phillips Academy, which school was known to her in its association with the early life of her dear poet friend, Dr. Holmes. She enjoyed hearing about his poem of "The School Boy," and, in her turn, she mentioned names of many of his poems which she had read.

A hearty appreciation of the rich humor of the poet was shown in her partial rendering of "The One-Hoss Shay" and "The Height of the Ridiculous." The many floral tributes brought to Helen afforded themes for conversation, while her instant and tender recognition of them showed her knowledge and love of flowers. A bunch of narcissus blossoms suggested the recital of the beautiful mythological story accounting for their origin. Roses and violets awakened memories of her dear Southern home. Her mother's luxuriant garden was very near in thought, and "the violets, she said, were blue, like her little tle sister Mildred's eyes." A jack-in-the-pulpit perched in the centre of one little bouquet caused much merriment by his position and appearance. Of course he was designated as the floral preacher, to whose "sweet sermon" the audience of violets was giving glad attention.

Lilies of the valley were compared to delicate bells, and as Helen shook the sprays of pearly blossoms she asked the friends around her if they could hear the beautiful music. She laughed in thinking of a story she had once read, in which a little boy dreamed that these flower bells were the night-caps of the fairies. Tulips were greeted in the words of Doctor Holmes—

"See the proud tulip's cup"

To the children who came to see her, Helen talked of dolls, and of school, gave conundrums for them to guess, or told charming little stories of pets in the animal kingdom. She was glad to know that many of the children had enjoyed with her the pleasure of the Boston Dog Show.

Just before leaving Andover Helen made a little speech to the assembled school. A friend had been talking to the young ladies and when she had finished, Helen rose, and going to the front of the platform said, in her sweet, natural way, "I would like to say something to my friends."

Her teacher seemed surprised, but allowed Helen to fulfill her wish.

It would be impossible to convey to the mind of the reader any adequate impression of the grace and spontaneity of the child as she stood before the school, and in her *own* voice gave expression to the thoughts which, in conclusion, I quote as nearly as they could be produced:

Dear friends of Andover:—I thank you for the pleasure I have had here, and for the gift I have for Tommy from you. I shall never forget this visit, and it will make my mother very happy to hear that you have all been so kind to me. It seems to me the world is full of goodness, beauty and love, and how grateful we must be to Heavenly Father, who has given us so much to enjoy. His love and care are written all over the wall of Nature. I hope

you will all come to South Boston some day and see what the little blind children do, and then go out to the beautiful child's garden and see little Tommy and pretty Willie, the little girl from Texas.

It was a wise man and a deep thinker who said once upon a time that among all the good things Shakespeare has given us, his women stand forth pre-eminent—a brilliant, bewitching galaxy. It is doubtful if any individual man or woman would care to gainsay that sentiment, even if it could be gainsaid. The portraits of Rosalind, of Viola, of Portia, of Imogen and their sisters, are familiar to us all. Those exquisite personalities are known and loved by numberless human beings. They have a place in all our hearts; the men adore them and the women love them, yet they are essentially feminine. They know naught of woman's rights and universal suffrage. They are not troubled with the affairs of State, nor are they agents of reform. They are women - adorable women, into whose minds have crept no vicious longing for publicity, no hunger to usurp the sphere of men.

Would it not be well to make such women models for our girls? Would it not be well to consider a little what are the deepest, truest, highest rights of womanhood? Would it not be well to look ahead a bit and ponder what sort of a world it would be when femininity shall be extinct? Women have so many rights that are truly theirs, so many opportunities for influence upon the great world, that they may stop and consider, not how to obtain more, but how to make the best use of what already is theirs.

There pertains to woman a sanctity and a purity, without which the world must suffer.

Politicians, lawyers and financiers can all be recruited from the ranks of men, but where are we to find the softening, refining influences of life if our women cease to be such?

No one who comes in contact with homes that are happy and attractive, can doubt the influence of her who is their inspiration.

A truly feminine woman—one who is thoroughly in sympathy with great and noble thoughts, has a power so penetrating that our girls have need of careful training if they are to learn to wield it well. * * *.—*Selected.*

College Department.

Bessie Hoyle, Editor.

It is neither my intention nor my province to enter into the broad field of speculation estimating the question of Educational Advantages. This is a fact too widely appreciated by the intellectual and refined through experience—too apparent to the ignorant and vulgar through observation of its marked results. I desire, however, to claim position *in the front rank*—for our G. F. C —which has precedence in being the second chartered Female College *in the world.*

A college that does not lag in its energies to carry out its watchword—*progression.* For years it has enjoyed the reputation for good methods, and practical application, a reputation that is steadily and deservedly increasing.

Through the able management of our president, Dr. B. F. Dixon, it is nearing its zenith of usefulness and prosperity. A brief space of time is the only adjunct its worthy head needs to make it unexcelled and incomparable; for let me here remark, that education, with its halo of glory, is not alone necessary to the success of a college.

We must find here principle, method, truth, religion, *home* and the fall or rise of these endowments depends upon the hand that steers the helm. Dr. Dixon possesses in a marked degree that personal magnetism, that genial warm-hearted attractiveness that speaks its unanalized language to every human heart. His naturally sympathetic and kindly nature endears him to all spirits, whether kindred, or differing in temperament. He does not forget that he was once young, and while encouraging the innocent amusements of his young charges, he sways them with gentleness and persuasive eloquence.

In this wise he systematizes and modifies the impulsive and sometimes reckless ventures of girlhood.

Woman can, to-day, do anything that she tries—except usurp the place of man—if she reach *this* status she unsexes herself. But women are going onward and upward and even in the manner of their games gaining that physical beauty that forms the pedestal upon which is reared mental capacity and moral worth.

Long may our College—a monument to *labor well spent*—rear its lofty head, wearing its illumined crown of *success.* May its glory live forever in the transmission of highest purposes, which owe their bloom and fruitage to the seed planted and nourished within the walls of our time-honored institution.

OUTLOOK IN EDUCATION.

A most significant event marked the close of the year 1891. It was the dedication, on Dec. 17th, in the presence of a distinguished company of men and women eminent in public life and in educational administration, of the Drexel Institute of Art, Science and Industry, in Philadelphia. Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, with rare generosity and foresight, has given nearly two millions of dollars for the building, equipment, and endowment of the Institute which is to bear his name. The Drexel Institute will stand for all that is old and sound in educational ideals and for all that is new and practical in educational methods. Drawing its inspiration equally from ancient art and modern industry, it will aim to educate children of either sex who have had an ordinary common-school education, by preparing them in a broad, intelligent way to earn their livelihood by the use of their hands.

Its graduates will be not only technically, but scientifically trained; for they will understand the principles and the processes on which the details of their occupation are based.

The significance of this was beautifully expressed by Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, in his address at the dedication in these words:

It is difficult, of course, to estimate the advantage to be reaped by many youths of both sexes by a faithful pursuit of the practical training to be offered here. To make of young men competent engineers, electricians, and chemists, and excellent and artistic workers in wood and iron, and to make of young women skillful designers, stenographers, photographers, book-keepers, and house-keepers, and especially to qualify some of both sexes to be teachers of others in all decorative and useful arts, is a labor abounding in usefulness and honor; but my confident hope is that there will be results attained here infinitely excelling these in real and abiding value. If thousands of the young people of Philadelphia are each year brought by day and by night into contact with truth and beauty in such of their myriad forms as will be taught and displayed in the Drexel Institute, this community will grow appreciably, and not slowly, in culture and in the ineffable graces of life which culture brings in her train.

The extensive and wisely selected library and the spacious and attractive reading-room will be almost in themselves to many students a liberal education, while daily contact with the representations of the sculpture of Greece and of the Renaissance will arouse the dormant instinct for beauty, and give birth to desire for excellence theretofore undreamed of.

The museum, already rich in examples of the beautiful creations of many different lands, and sure rapidly to increase its possessions, will be a daily object lesson kindling in the generous minds of youth the same ennobling aspirations.

To all these quickening influences music is to add her charms, so as to complete with arts and letters the magic circle within which the everlasting fountains of idealism are unsealed, and the true enjoyment of life begins. It must be a very dull youth indeed, of either sex, who can sit unmoved in such an audience chamber as this while the music of the grand organ falls upon the ear, and the memory is recalling the life-work of the benefactors of the human race kindred to those whose names we see around us: great musicians, who have soothed the weary lives of men with their divine melodies; great painters, who have transferred to canvass their fadeless dreams of immortal beauty; great sculptors, whose forms "mock the eternal dead in marble immortality;" great patriots, who would willingly taste death that their country might live; great philosophers, who have spent their lives in the ceaseless and the faithful pursuit of truth; and, over all, great poets, who sit in inaccessible and throned majesty, the sovereign educators of mankind.

It is not invidious to point out one great advantage that the Drexel Institute will have over other similar, but less extensive institutions in this country. It will enjoy from the first the oversight and care of a single directing mind, one trained in educational work by long study and extended experience. Mr. James MacAlister, whom Mr. Drexel has selected for first President of the Institution, is an ideal appointment.

His work as Superintendent of Schools, first in Milwaukee and then in Philadelphia gave him a National reputation and fully demonstrated his ability as an executive officer. His part in the movements for manual training and art education has been a leading one. This new field of labor will afford him a unique opportunity to show the practical value of the educational ideas for which he has so long contended in his writings and on the platform.—*The Christian Union.*

All Europe has fewer colleges than Ohio.

The rapidity with which old Columbia College has been transformed into a new metropolitan university during the last five years has been so great that the announcement that a new site for the institution was being considered excited interest rather than surprise. It is only a generation ago that the College left its original home on Murray street for one in the suburbs; for Forty-ninth street at that time was in the country.

The rapid march of population and the enormous increase of traffic have combined now in about thirty-five years to make another exodus necessary.

The site under consideration is the magnificent plateau known as Morningside Hill and now occupied by the Society of the New York Hospital for the Bloomingdale Insane Asylum.

Four unusually large city blocks, containing more than twenty acres can be purchased for $2,000,000. Large as this sum seems it is small when compared with the benefit that will accrue to Columbia and hence to higher education in America. Cramped and compressed no university can meet the legitimate demands that are made upon it. Growth means expansion, and expansion implies room. Generous New York can now step hopefully forward to the support of its historic college and make this contemplated step both possible and certain. But, beyond acquiring the site, expensive buildings must be erected, and a grand library worthy of the metropolis of the western continent should be endowed.

Few such opportunities to do good and attain permanent reputation in the doing, have ever been offered to New York's public spirited citizens.

This is one of the most successful years in the history of our college. The list of names enrolled is much larger than it has been since the college was rebuilt. We are glad of this, but it is nothing

more than was expected; such a President and such a Faculty cannot but attract girls from all sections. It is gratifying to hear the evidence that the Methodists of the state are becoming more conscious of the merits of this institution. May they continue to realize this more and more each year.

We would like to say something about ourselves that the public, probably, does not know. It is impossible to procure every thing that would contribute to the well-being of our students without the help of our people.

Our library has been greatly reduced by the removal of books, which were the private property of our late President, Dr. T. M. Jones. We feel the need of more books for reference, as our course of literature broadens. There is a want also of books for recreation. The list does not end here, but we will mention no more at present.

Our calisthenics teacher is making an effort to procure necessary implements for out-door exercise. This feature of college life is beginning to take its proper stand. We realize more than ever the importance of recreation. A girl cannot expect to pass through nine months hard study and reach commencement in a perfect physical state without spending some time each day in the open air. In order to make the time thus spent pass pleasantly we must have these implements. Some money has been raised for this purpose, but we need quite a sum yet.

Of the amount collected for this purpose up to the present time, not one contribution has been made by *a Methodist of North Carolina*. Why does this state of affairs exist? W.

Lord Wolsley, commander general of England, has written an article on the military art, in which he maintains that the five great warriors evolved in the history of the world were Cæsar, Hannibal, Marlborough, Napoleon and Lee.

Alumnæ Department.

MARY DURHAM, Editor.

As our "COLLEGE MESSAGE" has been visiting the land of Silence for nearly three years, it is now very difficult to give many items of interest in the Alumnæ Department. Within these three years many students have come to us and have gone away, leaving us in total ignorance as to their whereabouts; while the little knowledge we had of the older students has almost gone into nothingness. But even now this condition of affairs will not be ameliorated unless you lend us your coöperation. The editor has no means of collecting the necessary information, hence we would be glad if every one who feels an interest in college affairs would send us notes relating to alumnæ and former students of this institution. G. F. C. has sent out many noble and accomplished daughters; will they not tell us of their success in life and thus inspire us to nobler deeds and influence others to patronize our dear old *alma mater?* Let us hear from you right away and we will make this department what it should be—a treasure-room into which you may go, see again the deeds of the dear school-mates of yore, and rebind the ties of love and friendship which have been partly broken by the strong hand of Time. —*Ed.*

Miss Lou Page ('85) is teaching music at Gastonia.

Miss Minnie Moore (Val. '91) is teaching in Wake.

Miss Nellie Edwards ('90) is teaching at Tatum's, S. C.

Miss Annie Page ('87) is teaching at Asheville Female College.

Miss Lillie Long (Val. '88) spent a night with us last week.

Miss Jessie Sharpe ('90) is teaching at Oxford Asylum.

Mrs. Pattie Mann Wood ('83) is very successfully teaching Art in Winston.

Miss Belle Hutton ('91) is teaching at the Graded School in this town.

Miss Mary Little ('90) is visiting relatives at Little Rock, Ark.

Misses Lillie Moore ('87) and Alla Troy ('91) are with us taking Music and Art.

Miss Mamie Alderman ('91) is keeping books for the Odell Hardware Company, of Greensboro.

Miss Mamie Gibbons, ('88) who spent last session here, is now teaching music at Lumber Bridge.

Mrs. Ella Carr Peacock ('83) has just returned from a visit to friends in Missouri, and at Trinity. She spent several weeks from us, and reports "a jolly good time."

Miss Mary Gregory ('91) is teaching at Morganton. All success to you, Mary; we have not forgotten the struggles of last year.

Miss Ida Alexander ('91) came down a few days ago and brought two of her sisters to enter school. That is the way we like to see our graduates act. A few more such girls as Ida and we would have a live college indeed.

Miss Mamie Frazier ('90) is teaching in Randolph. Miss Frazier has a strong determination and will succeed in her work wherever she goes.

Miss Alice Jones ('90) is now organist at Edenton street M. E. Church, Raleigh. We are sure she fills this position well.

Mrs. Mamie Fonville Lee ('91) is assisting her "chosen one" in teaching at Kinston. Mr. Lee was more fortunate in securing an assistant than a great many teachers of now-a-days.

Miss Janie Bardin ('89) has not long since returned from a trip to Europe. We would be delighted to have you tell us something about your visit, Janie.

Miss Mary Trotter (Val. '90) has a position at Odell hardware store in this town.

Miss M. E. Carter, (Val. '57) who has filled the position of teacher and also that of lady principal here, is now secretary of the "King's Daughters" of N. C. A better secretary could not have been found.

Mrs. Sallie Baily Lee (Val. '56) shows her remembrance of former days by sending two of her daughters to her *alma mater*.

Mrs. Shaw and Miss Carrie Carpenter are both teaching at the Methodist Female Seminary, of Durham It is said that Miss Carpenter expects to graduate with '93 of Trinity.

Miss Maggie Waddell, ('91) who was with us before Christmas, is now visiting relatives in Florida. We are sure she will have a delightful visit just at this season of the year.

Mrs. Albea ('50) and Mrs. Hendren ('54) show their appreciation of work done at this institution. The former sends her daughter here to teach, the latter sends hers to be taught.

We are exceedingly sorry to learn that Miss Musette Satterfield ('90) has been so unfortunate as to lose all her money received in payment for last session's work. The salary of a school teacher is generally well earned, and to lose one's first hard-earned dollars must be rather discouraging.

Misses Ila Harrington ('91) and Annie Gaster ('90) attended the marriage of Miss Ida Snelling, of Raleigh, a few days ago. We are sorry to learn that Miss Harrington, while there, was called home by the death of her little brother.

Miss Dora Jones ('74) is now in Berlin assisting Mrs. Willard in a school for American girls. Miss Jones is one of G. F. C.'s most talented and accomplished daughters, and was for some time a faithful lady principal of this institution. We rejoice to hear of her success.

We are pained to have to chronicle the death of Miss Mamie Sherwood ('74). She was a lady whom to know was to love; so gentle and attractive in her manners that every one was drawn toward her. A few weeks before Christmas we saw her at her usual place in the choir, but she has gone from us to join the choir in the realms above where she will sing even more sweetly the praises of her Savior and King.

Mrs. Rhodes is teaching at Littleton College. It has been said that she is one of the sweetest singers of the South.

Miss Macie Calhoun ('91) spent a few hours with us a short time ago. She was on her way to visit Mrs. Dora Clark Kearns, of Winston. We hope you will call again, Macie.

Books and Exchanges.

B. M. Lee, Editor.

[The following is copied from The Message for Oct, 1887. We would be glad to receive the exchanges with such of the below-mentioned periodicals as are now in existence].

Come *Bugle*, blow a *Reveille*.
We'll make some brief *Reviews*,
And, from our monthly magazines
And papers, learn the *News*.

To this *Collegiate Symposium*,
The *Workman* we'll invite,
With the *Student* from Wake Forest
And the youthful *Binghamite*.

Aurora and *The Morning Star*
Have risen to redress
All our grievances and *Herald*
A New Era for *The Press*.

From the north we hear the *Echo*
Of a *Voice* we've heard before,
And *The Topic* it discusses
The *Collegian* finds a bore.

'Tis the *Journal*, as you know,
Of the *Prohibitionist*.
To *Advance* that glorious cause
Its *Advocates* exist.

In the west we have a *Landmark*
And a *Record* that should give
A true and faithful *Transcript*
Of the *Times* in which we live.

The east, too sends a *Messenger*,
A *Reflector* bright and new,
But this *Mirror*, girls, won't flatter
Even a *Naiad*, much less you.

We've an "*Anchor* to the windward"
In the *Teacher*, tried and true;
To *Chronicle* our merits,
He needs no second *Cue*.

A neighboring *Academy*
A *Visitor* doth send
That proves on close inspection
To be *The Orphan's Friend*.

Scattered over all *The South*
Are *Southern Homes* so dear,
And the *Argus* eyed *Observer*
Finds an *Index* of them here.

Our *Home* is in the old *North State*
Our *Bulletin* we'll send
Each month to our *Exchanges*
And the *Advertiser's Friend*.

All this of course, provided
We ourselves escape alive.
The *Critics'* pen, nor get immured
In *Trinity's Archive*.

E. D. J.

Last week we enjoyed reading "The Open Door," an address delivered to the students of Denver University by Chancellor McDowell. Of course the "Door" refers to the opportunities of life which we so often criminally neglect. It would be well if college students everywhere would make it a rule of their lives to enter the doors which Fortune so kindly holds open. Hawthorne says: I often think there are many things in our daily life, many unknown crises that are of more importance to us than this mysterious circumstance of death which we deem the most important of all.

The Hesperus is good enough to say that the modern girl is far superior to her feminine ancestors —especially with reference to education.

The Electrical World says that: An agreement has been made between the United States and San Salvador that from Feb. 1st, all materials used for telegraphic purposes shall pass free of custom duty.

We recommend to all Prof. Drummond's Addresses. He puts some things in a new light. The time spent in the persusal of any one of these addresses will never be missed, and it is certainly time well spent.

The *Ladies' Home Journal* is always a welcome visitor. It abounds in good things. We copy the following:

FRIENDS MADE IN A DAY.

In passing along the wayside, you girls are very apt to pick up a friend here and an acquaintance there without much thought as to whether they are desirable ones or not. You are prone, especially you clever girls, to laugh at conventionalities and to say you will know whom you please and when you please. This sounds very independent, and you think you are very full of knowledge, but it only shows what an inexperienced girl you are. Friends cannot be made in an hour or a day, and the undying affection announced after that time is as likely to curl up and fade away as the Morning Glories. * * * * * Be polite and pleasant to everybody, but remember that a friend becomes one gradually, and surely that friendship cannot spring up in a night; only weeds do that, and all they deserve is to be cut down in the morning.

The latest translation of the Scriptures issued by the American Bible Society is the work of a negro who once belonged to the brother of Jefferson Davis.

We hear so much now-a-days about the way to make home happy. It is our opinion that if we would stop talking and go to working, every home in the land would seem like a different place. Let every member of a family quietly but faithfully perform his or her whole duty and the rest is sure to follow. "Thou shalt always have joy in the evening if thou hast spent the day well."—*Spontaneous Combustion.*

We would advise any one who is fond of history to read "A Spanish Conspiracy," by Thomas M. Greene. It is a "Review of the Early Movements of the Spaniards in the South-west," etc. We think it would be profitable to give some time to this book.

The Nashville Christian Advocate enlightens us on the following points:

Women have for some time been admitted to the Ministry of Melbourne, Australia; now they can enter with all the same corporate privileges as men.

Last year Ann Arbor sent out six hundred and twentj graduates.

Two years ago, the sum of one hundred and twenty-two million, four hundred and fifty-five thousand, two hundred and fifty-two dollars was spent in the public schools of America.

The following is quoted from *No Where*:

"Education," says Webster, "comprehends all that series of instruction and discipline which is intended to enlighten the understanding, correct the temper form the manners and habits of the young, and fit them for usefulness in their future stations." The question arises, Is so-called education always education? Is that "sweet girl graduate" who cannot solve an equation in pure quadratics without aid, who puts the Battle of Hastings with the Wars of the Roses, but who wears her hair in the latest style and can gracefully manage a "demi"—an educated woman?

About nineteen hundred years ago Seneca said: "As the soil, however rich it may be, can not be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce a good fruit." That was a long time ago, but the truth of this statement is by no means any the less.

The vilest sinner may return everything except an umbrella.—*Texas Siftings.*

Scientists say that in the last fifty years the average term of life has become longer by twelve years. It is now forty-two years.

The Davie Times informs us that the British government has been requested to interfere with the system of the Russian press censorship. We learn that letters on their way from Great Britain to Persia or vice versa are frequently opened and destroyed while passing through Russian territory. We are thankful that our lot has not fallen in Russia.

We do not find in all persons the same degree of modesty. It has been almost impossible for Whittier's niece to get from him information for his biography.

We see in the *Christian Advocate* that in the city of New York, six millions of dollars are spent yearly in the purchase of chewing gum. If this disgusting and injurious practice could be stopped, our paupers might be better off.

We must add our complaints to the many which are being made on account of the "Degeneracy of Modern Music." Our sacred music is of much too sickly, sentimental a character. At home—it is a deplorable fact—we have ceased to study the grand compositions of the grand Masters, and are content to hear the bright short-lived trash of the day. It is a misfortune that our girls consider their musical education complete when they have learned to play a few of the simplest airs which are entirely worn out by the third hearing. Respectfully,

A Would-be Book or Exchange.

When the great public takes up a book that gives living form to the pathos of plain lives suffering under injustice, they interpret it in many ways; but a singular interest leads to the one conclusion that there is a wrong and it must be righted. And in many ways new forces are set to work. Such writers have had inspired foresight. Led to it by an unselfish compassion and sense of right which critics may not see, but which goes surely to the heart of plain people, they *feel* the meaning, and their feeling grows to action. Wide and far goes the power of such writing. It is like the parable of the sower and the seed, and brings results according to the ground on which it falls. If it is only the comfort of recognition of comprehension to some sad soul, help and strength have been given, a divine privilege.—*Selected.*

The King's Daughters' Dep't.

EVA MILLER, Editor.

It has been asked by many circles, what shall *we* do? If you will think of it, even for a moment, you will find there are more things than one *can* do.

For instance, one circle may take for its principal object aiding the poor and needy. Of course I do not mean by this that no other kind of work, for the object of all circles is to do the most good we can.

The West End Circle, in Greensboro, which was the first organized in North Carolina, have undertaken the support of a hospital. This institution has now been opened for several months.

At the King's Daughters Convention, held in Raleigh, $420 were subscribed toward putting bath-tubs, with hot and cold water, in the Oxford Orphan Asylum.

The Delphine Home Circle, in Winston, are now working to get a home for poor working girls. The lot has already been purchased.

Of course these are only suggestions as to what some are doing, reminding us of almost countless other ways of doing good.

IN HIS NAME.

We must not think that the small piece of silver, the little cross which we wear, helps us; it is the spirit of that cross, "In His Name," that helps us in so many ways.

We are reminded by this tiny emblem, as we are about to utter angry words, that we must refrain from them.

There are countless ways in which we can do good. "In His Name" we can help bear another's burden, relieve the want and suffering of the poor and needy, and in our own homes we can help the little brother with his lesson, read to the aged grandmother.

The cross tells that you are a daughter of the King; you wear it as a sacred symbol that all you do is for His service. In wearing the cross we are reminded that we have a helper, and that one is with us to strengthen us and to be forever our guide.

Remember, dear girls, that we have resolutions carved in silver —"In His Name." Let us do all we can for the honor and glory of Him who spent His entire life in working for others, that when the evening of life comes, the King will find ours well spent in doing noble deeds. C. H.

Some Selections from Mrs. Botome's "Heart to Hrart Talks."

WHAT IS A KING'S DAUGHTER?

I am glad that some one has asked the question: "Should 'Daughters' forsake home duties for those outside?" I am in danger of taking for granted that you know that in our order we are constantly enjoining on the "Daughters" as they come into our Sisterhood—home comes after the heart; and here I can answer another question: "What are the leading essentials of a 'Daughter?'"

First, The recognition that character is of the most importance; not what I do, but what I am. We must assert our rights; we are children of God and must call ourselves such. Then we must do our duty, and that means —*home first.* Home duties! My eyes rested the other day on Thomas A. Kempis's "Invitation of Christ," and it took me back to my early girlhood days. We lived in a great roomy house that had a garrett, not an attic, but a real old fashioned garret, with a huge chimney and a little window at one end, and near that window I used to sit and read the "Invitation of Christ." I spread a piece of carpet and had a little stand and chair and there I used to go at certain hours for meditation, especially Saturdays I would spend half the morning up in that garret; and my aim was entire devotion. As I look back now I think I should have been really inviting Christ much more if I had been in the kitchen helping mother. It was selfish sanctification. I have nothing to say against reading "The Invitation of Christ," but it is far better to imitate Him. You can put on the cross for loving service at home. A young girl wrote to me the other day saying she feared she could not be much of a "King's Daughter" as her mother was poorly. Her mother feeble. Then what other duty could she have as a "Daughter" but to care for her mother? We have too much of leaving the home for outside duties. The claims of the church! The claims of society! We need sometimes to substitute for these the claims of the mother, the claims of the brother and sister.

When Life is Love and Love is Life.

There is no better definition of life than love, and no better definition of love than life. With many the life spring is broken, the motive to do has gone, and though they go on it is a tread mill affair after all. What we mean by our Order, by recognizing ourselves as Daughters of the King, is not to take on more work (may-be you have more than enough now) but to lift the work into connection with our Master. I have said this before and expect to say it again; it will be precept upon precept. We have had too wide a divorce between our common and every day life and the God we profess to serve. We have thought too much of service as merely connected with the church. Make a service of all you have to do.

Gen. Lew Wallace has had his "Ben Hur" printed in raised letters for the blind.

Rider Haggard, of whom the world seldom talks now, has finished a new novel.

Converse College, Spartanburg, was recently destroyed by fire. THE MESSENGER extends sympathy.

LOCALS.

LILLY JONES, Editor.

Mrs. Clarence Watkins, *nee* Miss Bertha Cutler, one of the old pupils of G. F. C., has come to Greensboro to live. The girls welcome her to her old college home, and THE MESSAGE wishes for this young couple a long and happy life.

We regret very much to hear of the death of Rev. M. W. Boyles, father of Miss Blanche Boyles. Miss Blanche was with us during the fall term but has not returned since the holidays. She has our sincere sympathy in this great trial.

Soon after the wreck on the C. F. and Y. V. R. R., Jan. 22nd, one of the young ladies remarked that there had been a wreck on the Y. M. C. A. R. R.

We are glad to know she had made a mistake—that the grand Y. M. C. A. movement is still going forward and is helping instead of wrecking lives.

One night not long since, one of our most brilliant Juniors who had just completed Physics, was seen pouring water on a candle to light it. We suppose she was experimenting to see if the friction generated by pouring water on the wick would be sufficient to produce combustion.

New girls continue to drop in. We welcome them kindly; but we still miss the familiar faces of some of our old girls who have not returned.

Miss Etta Watkins, who was numbered with the class of '92 has not returned for the Spring term. We are sorry Etta's health will not allow her to resume her studies, and her numerous friends miss her very much. She paid us a flying visit a few days ago, which all enjoyed.

A member of the class of '92 recently ordered white gloves and slippers from John Wanamaker. A few days later it was whispered around College that she did not state any number for either of the articles.

Dog in the Vicinity.—Isabelle (in the rear)—Don't run Kate. If you do it will run after us.

Isabelle (in front)—Come on Kate.

A young lady, attributing to the equine species intelligence as well as a large amount of wickedness, told one of her room-mates who was suffering from a cough, that a horse coughed very hoarsely when he had the distilleries.

The members of the Emerson Society report quite a long and interesting discussion at their last meeting. The query was:

Resolved, That impure literature is more injurious than gossip.

The debaters on the affirmative side were Misses Lizzie Carver, Emma Arrington and Mamie Gantt. Those on the negative, Misses Jennie Blair, Clayton McCrary and Kate Westbrook. The negative side won.

The query, *Resolved*, That intellect has more influence than beauty, was hotly discussed at the last meeting of the Irving Literary Society. Affirmative, Misses Ida Hinshaw and Lily Jones; negative, Misses Isabelle Montgomery and Peachie Foscue. Affirmative won.

We are glad to note the arrival of Mrs. Tracy, the mother of our dear Lady Principal. The girls say she is almost as young looking as her daughter.

A short time ago the Faculty and students assembled in the College chapel to witness the most brilliant event of the season, viz—a mock marriage. The contracting parties were Misses May Hendren and Emma Arrington. There were nine couples of attendants and ushers. The bride was beautifully dressed in pure white. After the ceremony the young couple received their friends in the parlors. At 9 o'clock, an elegant supper was served in one of the recitation rooms. The bridal party enjoyed this immensely. Some body says she wishes there would be another wedding, especially the supper in the college.

The unpleasant phrase "cheap girls" have arrested my attention more than once, and I have wondered what sort of girls they are. * * * Are they the girls who place themselves iu the way of young men? who "make errands" which will carry them into business streets, and call frequently on girls who have brothers? How easily their flimsy device is seen thro', and what sneers it occasions. Dear girls, don't be cheap. Don't make a "bargain counter" of your church vestibule, and offer your smiles and vivacius talk to the young man whose person and manners have pleased your fancy. —*Selected.*

One of the most interesting features of G. F. C. is its semi-monthly recitals. The following is the program of the last:

FIRST PART.

1. Piano Solo—Ripples of the Alabama. *Andrews.*
   Mamie Dunlap.
2. Vocal Solo—Not a Sparrow Falleth. *Abt.*
   Ida Holder
3. Recitation—The Vandois Teacher.
   Alice Pigford.
4. Song in Character—Darling Cloe.
   Master Ben Dixon.
5. Piano Solo—La Sultana. *A De Kentaki.*
   Pearl Dixon.
6. Vocal—Exercises No. 7 and 8. *Lutgen.*
   Emma Thomas.
7. Vocal Solo—The Owl and the Pussy Cat. *Ingraham.*
   Lillie Moore.
8. Piano Solo—
   Bessie Lee.
9. Recitation—Antony Over the Dead Body of Cæsar.
   Fanny Buie.
10. Piano Solo—In the Mountains. *Lange.*
    Lizzie Carver.
11. Relaxing Exercises.
    Elocution Class.

PART SECOND.

12. Vocal Solo—Lethe. *Foot Boot.*
    Berta Robbins.
13. Recitation—Ye Slippery Chronicles.
    Kate Gainey.
14. Recitation—Love at the Seaside.
    Clayton McCrary.
15. Valse. Piano Solo—Op. 34. *Chopin.*
    Eva Miller.
16. Piano Duet—Life Let Us Cherish. *Strauss.*
    May and Minnie Gattis.
17. Vocal Solo—The Garden of Sleep. *De Lara.*
    Eva Miller.
18. Recitation—The Murder of Nancy Sykes.
    Juanita Coltrane.
19. Recitation—"Mr. Dundenberry" Jenkins's Photograph Album.
    Julia Gabriel.
20. Piano Solo. Valse—Op. 64. *Chopin.*
    Mamie Hackney.

LADIES'

"DRY GOODS EMPORIUM."

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Gowns, 50 cts. to $3.00; Shirts, 50 cts. to $3.50; Drawers, 25 cts. to $1.50; Chemies, 25 cts. to $1.50; Corset Covers, 15 cts. to $1.00. Sales ladies to wait on you in this department.

Largest Assortment of Corsets

IN THE CITY.

Gloves in all the Latest Styles and Shades.

Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings

Reeeive close attention. The newest fabrics and latest styles can be found at our establishment. Largest and most beautiful styles in HANDKERCHIEFS in this section.

RAYMOND & POWELL,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

H. H. CARTLAND,

Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

FINE CLOTHS, CASSIMERES

AND FURNISHING GOODS,

South Elm St,, GREENSBORO, N. C.

NEW SHIPMENTS.

We will receive for our spring opening entire new lines of novelties in

Dress Goods and Trimmings.

Our collection of

WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES AND LACES

for this summer will surpass in assortment, quantity and style that of any previous season. Buyers will find many advantages in an inspection of our stock before purchasing.

The Pretzfelder Dry Goods and Shoe Co.

W. B. FARRAR & SON,

WATCHMAKERS, OPTICIANS, ENGRAVERS

AND DEALERS IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS,

Eye Glasses, Spectacles, &c.

Repairing Done in all its Branches.

No better work done in the United States. After you have failed elsewhere, send your work to them. All work warranted. Fine Work a specialty. Don't be deceived by cobblers or botches, but be sure that you find them and get the best work. Send your watches by mail or express.

SCIENCE WILL CONQUER!

Has made it possible to restore Defective Eye-Sight to Normal Vision, which will often cure headaches, pains and indigestion. No one is better prepared to fit all defects of the vision, such as Astigmatism, Hyperopia, Myopia, Presbyopia, or any compound defects Call and see or address,

Tate Cor., opp. Post Office, GREENSBORO, N. C.

ART MATERIAL. ART MATERIAL.

A full line of these goods, embracing

TUBE COLORS,

BRUSHES,

CANVASS,

PAPERS,

VARNISHES,

CRAYON,

Pencils, Rubbers, Stamps, &c.

Schools desiring these goods mould do well to correspond with us, as we pay special attention to that class of trade, and can furnish them cheap as Factory. All kinds of

Foreign and Domestic Art Material.

at Wholesale and Retail.

ODELL HARDWARE CO.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Everything Pure and Fresh in Drugs

AND ELEGANT IN

Toilet Articles and Perfumery.

All the new drinks served at our handsome Soda Fountain.

Prescription Compounding our Specialty.

Orders by mail given prompt attention.

RICHARDSON & FARISS,

Successors to W. C. Porter.

Opp. Benbow House, PHARMACISTS.

C. M. VANSTORY & CO.'S

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fine Clothing, Hats

AND FURNISHING GOODS

FOR MEN YOUTHS AND BOYS.

Clergymens' Suits, Full Dress Suits and Suits made to order a specialty.

Respectfully,

C. M. VANSTORY & CO.,

Leading One Price Clothiers and Hatters, Greensboro.

MRS. S. E. BOBO,

118 South Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

Has opened a new stock of

MILLINERY GOODS

at her store under the Benbow House. Her stock includes everything in the line. Call and examine her goods.

C. E. HOLTON,

DRUGGIST,

303 South Elm St., GREENSBORO, N. C.

Besides a complete line of all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, displays an important collection of foreign and American

PERFUMES, SOAPS, BRUSHES.

TOILET ARTICLES,

and every requisite for a young lady's boudoir. Especial attention to College patronage.

J. H. COLEMAN,

GUN AND LOCK SMITH

AND GENERAL REPAIRER OF

TRUNKS, VALISES AND ALL KINDS OF KEYS

104 Court House Squure,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

MRS. C. C. GORRELL & CO.

Respectfully call the attention of the ladies to their stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

which they are offering at prices in reach of all. New goods received every few days. The popular "Centerneri" Kid Gloves are kept constantly by them.

Teachers and Young Ladies

Of G. F. C. are cordially invited to visit and patronize BROWN'S ONE PRICE HOUSE, Greensboro's largest and best dry goods establishment, We carry one of the finest and most complete stocks of Dress Goods. Dress Trimmings,, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, White Goods, Embroideries, China Silks and ladies' goods of all kinds in the State. We call special attention to our excellent line of Ladies' Fine Shoes and Slippers. Polite and prompt attention to all. Mail orders attended to with care and dispatch. Goods delivered free.

SAMPLE S. BROWN & CO.,

232 and 234 South Elm Street, GREENSBORO, N. C.

F. FISHBLATE'S

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

FINE CLOTHING,

Hats and Furnishing Goods.

We have all our goods manufactured and imported, and buy them in larger quantities than any other house in North Carolina, consequently we can underbuy and undersell all other houses that buy in small quantities and try to keep a little of everything.

We have suits to fit all sizes of men and boys.

We invite all college teachers and students to make our store their home when in Greensboro. We give special rates to all teachers and school boys.

Very respectfully,

F. FISHBLATE,

The only exclusive Clothier and Hatter of Greensboro, N. C.

SALESMEN:—W. R. Rankin, L. C. Howlett, J. W. Crawford, J. P. Scott and R. H. Ballance.

P. S.—Suits made to order from samples a specialty.

MRS. OMOHUNDRO & CO.,

MILLINERY AND FANCY NOTIONS,

105 West Market Street.

G. WILL. ARMFIELD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes,

Hats, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Umbrellas,

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

Rugs, Mats, Curtains, &c.

SPECIALTIES:—Ziegler's Shoes, Bay State and Hess Celebrated Shoes.

Commercial Block, GREENSBORO, N. C.

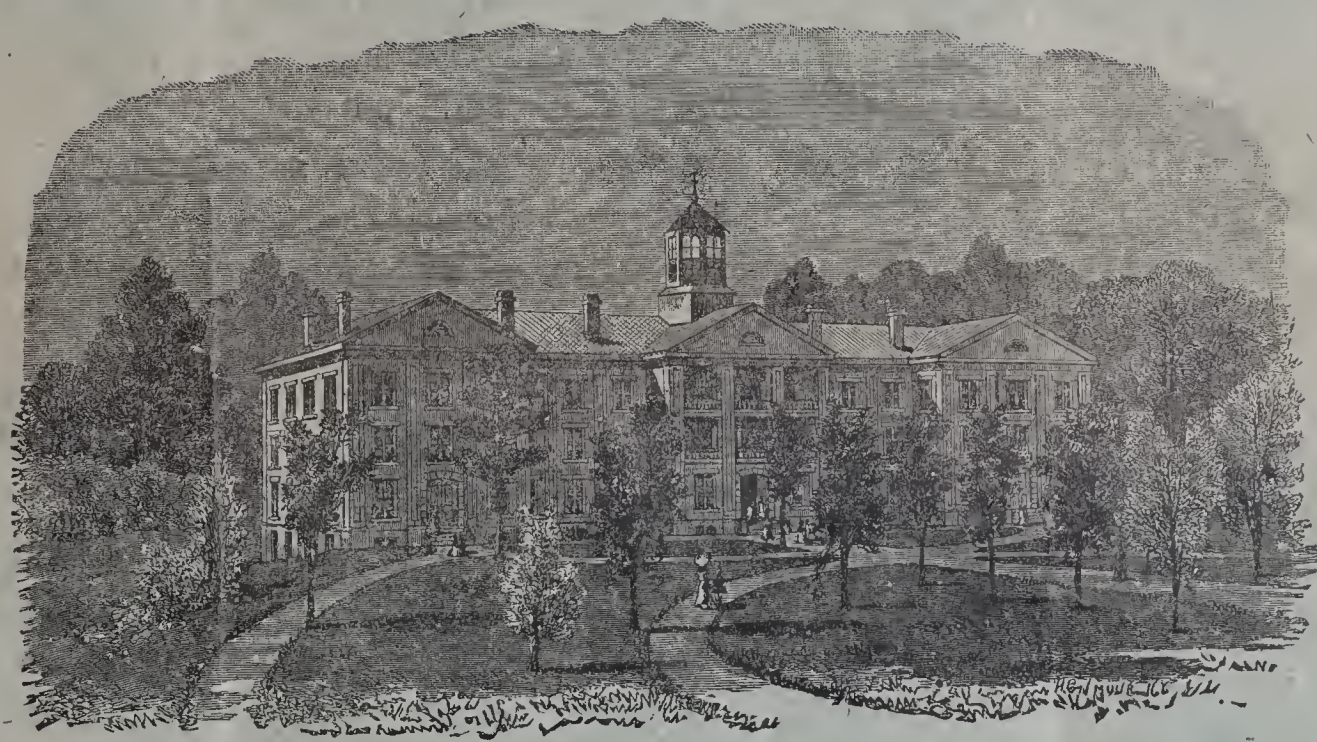
Sample copy
75 cts. per yr.

Volume 5. MARCH. Number 2.

COLLEGE MESSAGE,

A Monthly Journal

Devoted to the interest of Greensboro Female College.



CONTENTS.

Literary Department. ISABELLE D. MONTGOMERY, Editor..... 1-3
College Department. BESSIE HOYLE, Editor..... 4-6
Alumnæ Department. MARY DURHAM, Editor..... 6-7
Books and Exchanges. B. M. LEE, Editor..... 8-9
The King's Daughters' Department. EVA MILLER, Editor..... 9-10
Locals. LILLIE JONES, Editor..... 10-11

1892.

Entered at the Post Office in Greensboro, N. C., as Second-Class Matter.

Thomas Bros., Power Job Printers, Greensboro.

A BOW

TO THE YOUNG LADIES

—FROM—

Fitzsimons' Drug Store.

Delicate Soaps to Soften the Hands and Beautify the Complexion, the Sweetest Sachets and Perfumes, Brushes for the Hair, for the Nails, for the Teeth.

Quality—the Best. Prices—the Lowest.

GEO. FITZSIMONS.

JOHNSON & DORSETT,

DRY GOODS AND SHOES.

Largest Stock of Fine

DRESS GOODS,

Ladies' and Gent's

Fine Shoes and Slippers

Ever shown in the city.

COME AND SEE.

206 & 208 S. Elm St., GREENSBORO, N. C.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

This institution was founded by the North Carolina Conference, chartered in 1838, opened for the reception of students in 1846, and continued in successful operation until its destruction by fire in 1863. It was re-opened in 1873. The purpose of its founders was to furnish to young ladies the necessary advantages and facilities for the acquisition of a thorough and accomplished education. For many years it has enjoyed a reputation unsurpassed by any female college in the South, and standing as the mother of chartered female colleges in North Carolina, it still holds its place in the front rank of those institutions which aim at the higher education of women.

More than five hundred graduates and several thousand other young ladies, who received their chief training in the college, have gone out from its halls, exerting an elevating and refining influence upon society, and filling their homes with the light of a beautiful, cultivated, Christian womanhood.

The institution is still endeavoring to accomplish the object of its original establishment as a Methodist college, and though denominational in character, it is in no offensive sense sectarian. Terms now offered to daughters of ministers in regular pastoral work are more liberal than heretofore. The advantages offered by this institution are not surpassed by those of any female school in the South.

LOCATION, BUILDINGS, &C.

The College is located near the western limits of Greensboro, on an eminence "beautiful for situation," in the center of a campus embracing forty acres. The broad walks, well shaded, afford ample space for outdoor exercise and recreation.

The building is very large, commodious, and well adapted to school purposes, containing a capacious chapel, and dining room study hall, lecture, recitation and music rooms, parlors, reading room, art studio, and dormitories for one hundred and seventy-five boarding pupils. The art studio and study hall are in the north side of the building, with several large windows in each, through which a soft pleasant light is admitted. The building is well furnished with electric lights, hot and cold baths, steam laundry, and steam heating. Full particulars can be had by addressing the President.

COLLEGE MESSAGE.

Vol. V. Greensboro, N. C., March, 1892. No. 2.

Literary Department.

Isabelle D. Montgomery, Editor.

The Message tenders many and sincere thanks for the kind words and hearty welcome which have greeted its re-appearance. It hopes to always merit such.

We wish to make out of it a periodical which will be read with interest and instruction wherever it finds its way, and we hope it will make new friends at every issue.

Most especially do we desire the interest and coöperation of the Alumnæ of Greensboro Female College. As your College paper it demands your interest.

Only 75 cents for ten copies.

Send in your subscription.

A GLIMPSE OF THE ESKIMO.

In the August number of *St. Nicholas* appeared a most interesting and instructive article, entitled, "From the Frozen North," by Augusta DeBerbua.

Accompanying it is a cut of Olof Kram—the only educated Eskimo lady in the world. She is a native of East Greenland—the coldest section that has ever been visited by man.

The people are totally devoid of civilization and are even ignorant of the greatest nations of the world.

We quote from the article:

"They have been cut off from communication with the entire world by reason of the great masses of ice, sometimes hundreds of miles wide, perpetually piled up against the shore, which have kept explorers from the east coast of Greenland long after all other arctic lands were fairly known. * * * *

"The people of this country live in little hamlets or settlements; and aside from their ignorance and the suffering caused by the intense cold, they seem to be a happy, contented people. The huts in which they live are of snow and the only means of making fires is the burning of the flesh of the walrus and reindeer which is lighted by pieces of flint. Flint is very scarce, however—the only means of obtaining it being the breaking up of the iceberg, where a few pieces may be found scattered along their coast. The man who owns the flint is the 'millionaire of the neighborhood'—though he is very generous with his treasure."

Obedience is the primary law in the management of the children—and an act of disobedience is punished by burning. The mother takes a bone and heating it burns a place on the child. As may be imagined the same offence is never committed twice. The burning must be much severer suffering for them than it is for us, being so unaccustomed to heat.

The furniture of an Eskimo woman's house is very simple: a rug of furs upon the snow floor, perhaps a rude seat or two built of snow and covered with fur, and hangings of the same about the snow walls.

There are besides a huge bag of fur, into which the entire family crawl to sleep, and perhaps a few rough implements of bone for the rude work of their monotonous life.

The making or rather holding together of the fur garments they wear is accomplished by means of a sort of bone needle and cords made of the dried sinews of the reindeer.

The flesh of the same animal, poor and tough from the meagre nourishment it is able to obtain is never eaten, but is used for fuel; and from the skin the harness for the dogs and sledges is made. All tools for working and weapons for the capture of seals and walrus and bear are formed of bone and tusks of the walrus.

"They have no form of government such as we have, and no man is above his brother, save perhaps the man who owns the flint. They obey no law but that of custom and custom is regulated by the first great instinct of self preservation.

"'Be good to one another' is what the Eskimo mother teaches her children and their quarrels and contentions are argued down by the same Golden Rule by which Christians are told to live.

"They have no form of religion but they believe in an Almighty power for good.

It is to be specially noted that while we have a "hell of fire" their idea is that the "evil spirit dwells in a land which is much colder and more wretched than their own."

When Olof Kram, the little lady, came to this country it was found necessary to keep her in a room full of ice and snow, so much did she suffer from heat.

She is very small in statue, the result of having to sit on the floor in such stunted positions when but a child.

What is most surprising is that she is blonde and is described as being pretty. Our idea of the Eskimo has always been that they were dark and ugly.

In speaking of her people she says: "My people in spite of their ignorance and misery are an honest, contented and happy race; they are good to one another, they never steal and they never lie, and," she adds a little severely, "I find that when one becomes civilized, it is not so uncommon to tell lies—what you call little white lies—but it yet seems wrong to me, a heathen born."

NCC
NcU

Now of all the marvellous things contained in the sketch this seems most so, that the people never use water. When Olof Kram first came to this country soap was offered her and she ate it, utterly refusing to combine it with water for other purposes. The girl who has the greasiest, shiniest face is the belle of the community.

There are no outdoor exercises. Occasionally the men take their mothers or wives out for a ride in their sledges which are drawn by dogs.

Upon inquiries being made as to whether her people can be aided, she says:

"Nothing, absolutely. To go to them is almost impossible; and the cold would kill you even if you were successful in reaching them. Then, there is no language, by which you could make them comprehend what you would do. The language of the Coast of East Greenland is unlike that of any other Eskimo language—all Arctic explorers will tell you that. My poor people would have no conception of what you meant were you to tell them what they miss in life. They are fast decreasing in numbers. They are dying out. They will not suffer much longer. To come to you? Ah, that, too, would kill them as it has killed all of my family but myself. No, your people are kind and generous but there is nothing to be done. My people are dying from the face of the earth."

WOMANLY HEROISM.

Who of us is there that does not admire *heroism* when and wherever manifested?

Surely there has never been a grander display of it than that exhibited by Miss Kate Marsden, an English Red Cross Sister, in her efforts to ameliorate the pitiable condition of the lepers, especially in the Arctic regions of Siberia, where the terrible disease is increased in violence by the severe climate and the wild, comfortless life they are forced to lead.

The region is so bleak and desolate that even animals which are fit for food cannot live.

These unfortunate beings live mainly on fish, which are said to be tainted with germs of the disease. It is stated that an herb has been discovered which will greatly relieve and it is thought cure the diesase if it can be administered under favorable circumstances—but living the life these exiled lepers do, it cannot even be tested as to its efficacy.

Miss Marsden, it would seem, has devoted her life to heroic deeds of self-sacrifice.

She, at the early age of eighteen, was the kind and helpful nurse of the wounded in the Russo-Turkish war, (1877-78.) It was in her search for the scattered wounded that she found in an old shed two lepers, whom the disease had so afflicted that they had lost almost the semblance of human form.

The sight of them so touched her that she resolved to give her life to the noble work of aiding the condition of the lepers both in Siberia and India.

After studying as much as possible the disease in its various forms, and learning how widespread and rapid it was in its progress, she, with a friend, Miss Ada Field, also an English woman, set out on the 2nd of February, for the journey of 9,000 miles, over that barren tract of land—the Desert of Siberia—in search of the herb. Before starting, Miss Marsden had enlisted the sympathy of the Empress of Russia, who gave her passes through the country and notices at the different police stations for her kind treatment.

The weary journey had to be accomplished—save a great part done on horseback—in hacks, which are without seats, as it is impossible to ride except in a horizontal position. Though wrapped in heavy furs and skins they suffered intensely from cold. She says:

"I am thankful I have been able to give them food and warm clothing for the winter, and they are to have four large sheep and cows."

Miss Field has had to return for funds, leaving Miss Marsden alone in the dreary waste. The only worry she entertains about herself is her ill health. If her health permits, she wants to visit America in the interest of the cause.

In closing an article in the *Raleigh Christian Advocate*, Miss Dora Jones, late editor of the MESSAGE, says: "I would bespeak for this heroic woman the sympathy of our people, who stand pre-eminent in the world for their generous support of all philanthropic endeavor." Let us not break our record.

We regret that space is lacking to copy Miss Jones's article, from which most of these facts have been obtained. Contributions can be sent to her at 21 Nettlebeck-Strasse, Berlin, Germany.

It has been said and very truly that a man never rises higher than his aim. The aim is the index of the success.

A high aim is productive of much success, a low one of very little.

Demosthenes aimed at perfection in oratory and the world wonders at his triumph in the face of seemingly unsurmountable obstacles.

Alexander Pope aimed at perfection in his style of writing and his poetry is almost faultless in its elegance of expression—and few men have had more mountains to move—deformed, weak and feeble, cut off from educational advantages by his religious belief or that of his father.

Although this is true it is not the whole truth—something else must enter into the calculation.

Demosthenes would never have become the great orator that he

was had it not been for his great will power.

Pope could never have reached the height he did had his will been less powerful than it was.

"The will is the monarch, so to speak, which drives and directs the other faculties."

Many have the highest aims and purposes but lack sufficient will power to attain and carry them out.

Bewildered by the many and tenacious obstacles that loom up before them—weak and feeble they take the first step forward and another's stronger will gains the victory.

Will is like intellect, in that it grows stronger with use, and nothing is more conducive to its strength than beating down barriers. The world's greatest heroes have been those who have risen through trials and tribulations.

It is necessary first to form a high and noble purpose and then by the strict supervision and constant use of the will power to reach that purpose.

Let us aim then at perfection but it will be extremely dangerous to ever imagine we have reached it.

On one occasion a well-intentioned, but feeble minded, feeble voiced woman arose in a prayer meeting, and meandered on for a long time in mystical, meaningless talk. When she finally sat down, the preacher looking up with a humorous twinkle in his eye, but with a perfectly serious voice, said, "*Nevertheless*, I am in favor of women speaking in public."

There are a great many people who seem to think that religion means *not doing wrong*. As if a knitting machine that never knits any stockings could be considered good because it never dropped a stitch! What is a man good for who simply does not do some thing?

STRENGTH IN WEAKNESS.

There are times, I suppose, in which the most zealous would, if it were God's will, be glad to die—to retire from the battle of life—because they think it will make no difference whether they live or die. They have such a consciousness of imperfection, of unfitness in themselves, that they feel that it could scarcely be worse, and it might be much better, if they were out of the world and their places filled by others.

What is a drop of water of itself? What is weaker? What is less potent for any effect? It is mist invisible. It rises through the imperceptible paths of air, and hangs unseen in the heavens, till the cold strikes it, and it congeals into clouds, and falls in the form of rain, perhaps on the mountain top, and is sucked up by the greedy earth. Still sinking through the earth, it reaches the line of the rocks, from whose side it oozes out and trickles down, when finding other drops as weak as itself, they unite their forces and the sum of the weakness of all these drops goes to make the streamlet, which flows on, making music as it goes, until it meets counter streams. These combined form the river, and rivers uniting form the ocean itself. And now when God has marshalled the sum of the weakness of myriads drops together, they lift the mightiest ship as if it were but a feather, and play with the winds as if they were mere instruments of sport. And yet that very drop, which a baby could bear upon the end of its tiniest finger, is there, and has its part and lot in the might of the vast, unbounded sea.

RELIGION LIKE SPRINGTIME

No man knows half the fulness of his own being until inspired to a Christian life. If you walk over the fields and forests now, you will see what man is in his natural state. The earth is full of roots, not one of which knows how to live. The trees are full of buds, every one of which is closed and bandaged so that it cannot expand. All things are populous, but all things are curdled, congealed and restrained. So man, in his natural state, is full of powers that are hign and God-like, but they are in a condition of bondage and inactivity; and the coming of religion to him is like the coming of Spring to the soil and the forests, when all things begin to grow. When a man attains some degree of ripeness in his spiritual nature, he may be likened to the fields and forests in the summer, and when he has passed through life under the stimulating influences of religion, he may be likened to plants and trees in autumn, when they yield their fruit in exceeding abundance and in perfect ripeness.

Do not be a spy upon yourself. The young lady who goes down the street thinking of herself all the time, with critical analysis, whether she is doing this, that, or any other thing—turning herself over as if she were a goose on a spit before a fire, and basting herself with good resolutions—is simply belittling herself.

In this great whirligig of a world there is nothing stranger than the mating and mismating of men and women. There is no question that is more insoluble and more often asked than this: "What on earth ever tempted that woman to marry that man?" You cannot answer it, I cannot, and she cannot. There is but one other question like it, and that is: "What on earth ever tempted that man to marry that woman?" He cannot tell, and she cannot, and nobody can. So it is, and so it will be, here and there, and everywhere on earth.

If it is a little harder to build up character than reputation, it is only so in the beginning. For mere reputation, like a poorly built house, will cost as much for repairs and patchings as would have made it all right at first.

College Department.

Bessie Hoyle, Editor.

How are you this morning, Guy? I have the grippe. Is there an individual in North Carolina who has not heard that once a day at least for the last month? How prevalent the name is, at least. While the epidemic has prevailed to an alarming extent, it confounds us to hear this vague name applied to every ailment to which frail humanity is incident. Every poor mortal that has occasion to use his handkerchief has the grippe. Every pupil at school that neglected to study his lessons has the grippe. Every minister that goes to the pulpit without the necessary preparations has la grippe. Every clerk that dissipates too long at night, comes in next morning at 9 o'clock, rubbing his red eyes saying, ah me, I have the grippe! Who is not tired of the indiscriminate use of a word that seems to have no definition? We see no fitness in the name, unless it is in the fact that it does not let go until warm weather.

The largest sum ever paid for a single novel is said to have been $200,000 to Alphonso Daulet, for "Sappho," published in 1884. Eighty thousand dollars was received by Victor Hugo for "Les Miserables" (1862), published in ten languages. Lord Beaconsfield received $60,000 each for "Endymion" and "Lothair." Geo. Eliot received $40,000 for "Middlemarch," and Charles Dickens $37,500 for "Edwin Drood."

Boston Beacon.

He is the wisest man who does not think himself so.

The worst resolution one can take is not to come to any.

Good words cost nothing, but they are worth much.

Hypocrites are beings of darkness disguised in robes of light.

GOOD WORDS FOR GIRLS.

Your mother is your best friend.

Have nothing to do with girls that snub their parents.

Tell the pleasantest things you know when at meals.

Do not expect your brother to be as dainty as a girl.

Exercise, and never try to look as if you were in delicate health.

Introduce every new acquaintance to your mother as soon as possible.

Don't think it necessary to get married. There is plenty of room for old maids, and they are often happier than wives.

Enjoy the pleasures provided for you by your parents to the fullest extent. They will like that as a reward better than any other.

Most fathers are inclined to over indulge their daughters. Make it impossible for your father to spoil you by fairly returning his devotion and affection.

Never think you can afford to be dowdy at home. Cleanliness, hair well dressed, and a smile will make a calico look like silk and satins to a father or brother.

One's opinion of the individual described in the following words will depend very much upon the punctuation given: "He is an old and experienced man in vice and wickedness he is never found in opposing the works of iniquity he takes delight in the downfall of his neighbors he never rejoices in the prosperity of his fellow creatures he is always ready to assist in destroying the peace of society he takes no pleasure in serving the Lord he is uncommonly diligent in sowing discord among his friends and acquaintances he takes no pride in laboring to promote the cause of Christianity he has not been negligent in endeavoring to stigmatize all public teachers he makes no efforts to subdue his evil passions he strives hard to build up Satan's kingdom he lends no aid to the support of the Gospel among the heathen he contributes largely to the evil adversary he will never go to the abode of the good, he must go where he will receive a just recompense.

A BEAUTIFUL EPITAPH.

The most interesting specimen of an epitaph is to be seen in a pretty church in Aneityum, one of the Loyalty Islands in New Hebrides. It is a tablet erected by the grateful natives to their missionary, John Geddie. On this tablet is inscribed, in their language, the following:

WHEN HE LANDED,
IN 1848,
THERE WERE NO CHRISTIANS HERE,
AND WHEN HE LEFT,
IN 1872,
THERE WERE NO HEATHEN.

On almost any island within 2,000 miles of the shores of Tahiti, in any direction, a similar tablet might be erected, as an expression of the results of the twenty-two years work—between 1817 and 1839—the epoch of John Williams—and yet "*missions are failures!*"—*Missionary Review.*

THE "OLD DOMINION."

Ever since you can remember you have heard the State of Virginia called the "Old Dominion." Do you know why it is so called? During the protectorate of Cromwell the colony of Virginia refused to acknowledge his authority, and declared itself independent. Shortly after, when Cromwell threatened to send a fleet and army to reduce them to subjection, the Virginians sent a message to Charles II., who was then an exile in Flanders, inviting him to return in the ship with the messenger and be King of Virginia. Charles accepted the invitation and was on the eve of departing for the New World, when he was called to the throne of England. As soon as he was safely seated on the throne, out of gratitude for the loyalty of Virginia, he caused

her coat of arms to be quartered with those of England, Ireland and Scotland, as an independent member of the Empire—a distinct portion of the "Old Dominion." Coins of Virginia were issued as late as the reign of George III., which bore on one side the coat of arms of England, Ireland, Scotland and Virginia.—*Baltimorean.*

WOMEN WIN BOTH PRIZES.

The *Herald*, along with a number of other State papers, published the offer of the Linville Improvement Company of $1,000 in cash for the best short story descriptive of that section, and $250 for the second best story. A letter received by one of the Morganton contestants announced that the prizes have been awarded by the committee, and both to young women.

"In the After-glow," by Miss Rittenhouse, of Cairo, Ill., takes the first prize, and "Azalea," by Miss Dora Jones, of Berlin, Germany, takes the second.

There were a great many novels by brilliant male authors, and that both prizes were awarded to young women is a great triumph for the gentler sex.—*Morganton Herald.*

A Recipe for a Day.

Take a little dash of water cold,
And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolve in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment
And a thought for kith and kin,
And then, as your prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.

But spice it all with the essence of love
And a little whiff of play;
Let a wise old look and a glance above
Complete the well made day.

Selected.

I told Hezekiah to tell Widow Gray
To tell mother Brown next door
To tell Dickey Dwight, who goes that way,
To tell Deacon Barnes, at the store,
To tell the old stage-driver, Timothy Bean,
To come for me, sure, and in season;
But I've waited all day, and no stage have I seen,
Now what do you think is the reason?

Ladies' Home Journal.

HEARTS.

By Annie F. Shields

'Tis cool indifference, we may say of those
Who calmly bear the ills of life,
Unmoved they seem, yet each heart knows
Its strife.

"They have forgot" we say of hearts
That cling unto our own.
Yet hearts have only smothered deep
Their heaviest moan.

Life will refuse to shapen out
Their words of saddest thought,
Yet of the *soul* this bitterness
Hath part.

Lies hidden in the heart's despair
Life's real alarms—life's darkest woe,
Nor will the heart find great relief
In tears that flow.

Yet faithful to earth's lesson, fraught
With useful hints of life's great part,
In death alone such memory is faded
From the heart.

Between the School-Room and Altar.

When a girl enters the world after her education is finished, she does not always find it what she expected. The school room is one thing; the world another.

She may have been popular with her teachers because she was a diligent scholar and carried off the honors of the school. But she finds that book knowledge does not make her popular or successful socially.

Some of the most intellectual people I have known have been among the most disagreeable. A woman whose intellect is aggressive, who parades her knowledge before those of inferior intellect or education, is an object to be dreaded.

Mere learning in a woman is never attractive. It is, on the contrary, offensive, unless coupled with feminine graces. School learning should sink into the character and deportment, and only exhibit itself as the perfume of a flower is exhibited—in a subtle, nameless and unobtrusive manner.

A woman's knowledge of grammar should not make her talk like an orator in daily life; it should simply make her conversation gracious and agreeable.

Mathematics should render her mind clear and her judgments true; her geographical studies should teach her that the world is too small for falseness to find a hiding place; and history should impress her that life is too short for unworthy ambition.

The time between the school room and the altar should be not a mere harvest time of pleasures, but a sowing time for all the seeds of kindness and self-sacrifice of others, and of unselfishness and benevolence, which alone can make her a successful wife and mother.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in the Ladies' Home Journal.*

It is a strange fact, but one said to be true, that every day in the week is, in one nation or other, a Sunday. Monday is the Greek Sunday; Tuesday is the day of rest among the Persians; Wednesday among the Assyrians; Thursday among the Egyptians; Friday is the Sabbath with the Turks, and of course, among the Jews, Saturday. Our own is the best. The Church, just after the death of the Savior, substituted this day for the old Jewish Sabbath. It is the Church's highest day, as the dear Bible is the Church's book, the one being appointed by her, i. e. by her officers, the Lord's day and God's book, the church the guardian of the one and keeper and witness of the other.

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.

Some years ago, in war time, a well known Judge, who had much interested himself for the welfare of the suffering soldiers, resolved that, while a certain case was pending, he would turn away all applicants for charity, that he might devote himself wholly to the duties of his profession.

One day a soldier came into his office, poorly clad, his face bearing the deep lines of suffering. The Judge, pretending not to notice him, continued his work. The soldier fumbled in his pockets for a long time, and then said, in an uncertain, disappointed voice, as though he saw that he was unwelcome: "I did have a letter for you."

The Judge, acting against the promptings of a warm, generous heart, made no reply. Presently, a thin, trembling hand pushed a note along the desk. The Judge raised his face slightly, and was about to say: "I have no time for such matters as these," when he discovered the writing was that of his own son, a soldier in the army. He took up the note. It read in substance:

"*Dear Father*:—The bearer is a soldier, discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can, for Charlie's sake."

All the tender emotions of his soul were laid open. He said to a friend afterward: "I took the soldier to my heart for Charlie's sake; I let him sleep in Charlie's bed. I clothed him, and supplied him with every comfort, for the sake of my dear boy."

Reader, God will never turn the needy away without a blessing, for his dear Son's sake—for Jesus's sake.—*Congregationalist.*

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Adopted by the Marvin Missionary Society at its last meeting, February 14, 1892:

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst our beloved member and efficient co-laborer in the grand cause of missions—LAURA THACKER,

Resolved, 1st: That we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things in wisdom and love, knowing that with her all is well.

2d: That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

3d: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, placed upon our minutes, and forwarded to the *Raleigh Christian Advocate* for publication.

Signed:

ISABELLE MONTGOMERY,
ISLA COUNCIL,
MAY GATTIS,
Committee.

Alumnæ Department.

MARY DURHAM, Editor.

Miss Minnie Carraway is teaching in Greenville.

Miss Rosa Butler ('88) is teaching at Rockingham.

Miss Annie Gaster ('90) in teaching in Fayetteville.

Miss Hattie Sullivan is now Mrs. Willie White.

Misses Minnie and Jennie Willis are teaching near Newberne.

Miss Ila Harrington ('91) is teaching music at Hope Mills.

Miss Minnie Sloan is teaching music in Jonesboro High School.

Miss Lillie Allison (of '92) is teaching in South Carolina.

Miss Ida Meacham is now Mrs. Dr. Johnson, of Grifton.

Miss Effie Guess ('89) is teaching at Mars Hill College.

Miss Carrie Nichols is taking painting at Weaverville College.

Miss Loulie Jones ('85) has a very prosperous school at Cary.

Miss Hattie Dail (Val. '88) is teaching at Stella.

Miss Lucy Brooks ('89) is typewriting for Mr. Worth of Raleigh.

Miss Winnie Paylor, of Milton, was recently married to Mr. Monroe Long, of the same place.

Misses Alice Williamson and Hattie Barrett are teaching Music at Matthews.

Miss Minnie Ballinger, who was with us before Christmas, is now teaching near her home.

Miss Lizzie Ballance ('88) was recently married in Danville, Va., to Mr. Richard Smith, of Louisi'a.

Mrs. Irene Osmand now resides at Burlington, where her husband, Mr. William Osmand, has charge of the Durham District School.

Miss Nannie Allen was married Feb. 10th, to Dr. Banks, of Garner, N. C. We know she will make the Dr. a jolly good wife.

Miss Lola Carraway is taking music under Prof. Meinnug, at Winston.

Miss Annie Allen ('89) has been assisting Mr. McGregor in his school at Wadesboro.

Miss Alma Parks was married June 19th, to Mr. Daniel Jones, of Mt. Olive. All happiness and success be yours, Alma.

Miss Parallee Smith is teaching Business Course at High Point. We are glad, but not surprised to hear that she is succeeding so finely.

Miss Fannie Smith ('91) is teaching near Laurinburg. We would be delighted to take a peep at your school, Fannie—are sure it would be interesting.

Miss Hettie Minor ('90) is teaching at Stems. If her influence over her pupils is as great as it was over her school-mates here, she will certainly succeed in her work.

Mrs. Rusie Wilson Guthrie is visiting in this town. We are pleased to know that she is near us again and trust she will spend some time before returning to her home.

Miss Effiie Squires ('91) is teaching at Van Wych, S. C. She writes us that she has a very prosperous school and is enjoying her work. We hardly think she has found it necessary to use "the rod of correction" yet.

Miss Emma Lassiter is now Mrs. Wallace Tate, of Forest City. A recent letter from her tells us that she is very happy in her new home. No one could wish her more happiness than the writer does.

We regret to learn that Miss Annie Rich, one of our most talented girls, (of '92) is now quite ill at her home near Morganton. We have not forgotten you here, Annie, and sincerely hope you will be better soon.

Miss Bessie Ingram is now Mrs. Frank Little, of Washington, D.

C. Her sister Julia is the only real Little girl we have in college. But we have two other Small girls who have the appearance of being little.

Madam Rumor says that Miss Mattie Nichols is to be married soon. Mr. ——— may consider himself very fortunate in winning, as his life companion, such a charming young lady as Mattie is known to be.

We regret to learn that Miss Ada Rollins, who was with us before Christmas and who would have graduated this year had she not been called home by her father's illness, has recently been so sadly bereaved by the death of that loved one. THE MESSAGE extends sympathies.

In the faculty of G. F. College we find Miss Dowd, ('75) Miss Hudgins, ('88) Miss Grainger, ('87) Miss Doub ('82) and Miss Bumpass. We could not ask for better teachers in any of the departments filled by these ladies, and the fact that they are here speaks well for both the college and her graduates.

Mrs. Bertha Cutler Watkins, who has recently been living in Greensboro, has just gone to Newberne to visit relatives. We are very glad she is making her home so near us; for although she has gone over to "the other side," she yet seems as one of "our girls," and looks as bright and happy as in the days of her college life.

We have recently received quite an interesting letter from Miss Bessie Hadley ('90). She has been traveling some during the past year, and in her letter gave us glowing descriptions of her visit to Canada, the Lakes, and some of our largest cities in the North. She speaks of inviting a number of G. F. C. girls to travel with her elsewhere soon. The writer has been honored with an invitation to join the happy number and regrets to say that present duties forbid her participating in that pleasure until some, and perhaps many days, have come and passed away.

We are really becoming alarmed at the rapidity with which "our girls" are changing their names. Nor does there seem to be any hope of improvement in this line, for just now we hear that one of G. F. C's smartest daughters will in a very few days be the wife of Rev. ———. And ere the cold winds of March have told all their sad tales, another of our graduates will be helping "a curly head" to practice law, so "*they* say." Is there something more attractive in Mrs. than in Miss, or what is the cause of all this? Oh! excuse me, please, I forgot that this is leap year, and that girls generally "make hay while the sun shines."

Miss Clara Albright was married, in West Market St. Church, on February 4th, to Mr. Elbert Chambers, of Asheville, N. C. The church was beautifully decorated and the ceremony was one of the most impressive we ever witnessed. After the marriage a reception was given at the residence of the bride's parents. The happy couple then left for their new home, carrying with them the congratulations and best wishes of a host of friends.

Miss Bettie Ball was recently married to Mr. E. L. Miller, of Seneca, Kansas. The marriage took place at the residence of the bride's father, Rev. J. R. Ball. We are told that Mr. and Mrs. Miller will spend some time in Florida and then go to Seneca, Kansas, their future home.

The *Workman* says: The bride has many friends here, who see her go to a strange land with mixed feelings of pleasure and sorrow. They feel that her happiness demands that she go with her husband to this far away home and that she has chosen wisely, yet they part from her with sorrow as they will be deprived of her society and close friendship.

The groom is a native North Carolinian, having moved to Kansas about three years ago and located at Seneca, where he is engaged in the practice of law. He is to be congratulated on obtaining such a woman for his wife, and with such bright prospects for a happy and prosperous future, there can be little doubt but that their married life will continue as it began, filled with unalloyed happiness

Mrs. Sam. Holton, a former graduate of this college, now resides in Durham.

Miss Maggie Gannon is teaching at the Graded School in Greensboro.

Miss Cora Jenkins, (sal. '91) is teaching near her home in Granville Co. We predict for her much success.

Mrs. T. R. Rouse, *nee* Miss Lula Pell, now resides in LaGrange, and is called "mama" by Master "Junior" Rouse, so we hear.

Miss Cora Donnell, '90, is teaching music at Oak Ridge Institute. We hear that she has been successful both in teaching music and in winning the hearts of ——(?) But, knowing her as we do, we are not at all surprised.

Miss Maie Carr, '91, was here a few days ago visiting her sister, Mrs. Peacock. We were delighted to see her looking so well and sincerely hope she will visit here again soon; we think she might come down real often as she cannot now be very heavily pressed with duties, having such a "*kind assistant*" to aid her in her work.

We fear our request, in last issue, to the old students of this college was overlooked by most of them, as so few of them have responded. We highly appreciate the kindness of those who have shown their interest for their *alma mater* and her work, and while we express thanks to these we would again ask others to write us *anything* that would be of interest to the readers of THE MESSAGE.

Books and Exchanges.

B. M. Lee, Editor.

We have read with much pleasure the February number of *The Trinity Archive*. We like the spirit of the article on "Honorary Degrees." "The Christianity of Paganism" displays well directed thought. "What to do" finds an echo in our sentiments.

The Archive is an interesting magazine and is constantly growing better. We are glad to have it among our exchanges.

The Southern Educator for December, 1891, contained some highly interesting articles. We liked especially "Literature In Our Common Schools," and "A Few Thoughts on Music."

We are glad that the practical *Gazette* now can be read regularly by our "gay set."

We have been honored by the arrival of *The Young Men's Era*, which is doing such a good work in the interests of the Y. M. C. A. We hope to receive it regularly.

We are glad to exchange with *The Davie Times*, which gives us a weekly report of the people who dwell in "the forks of the Yadkin." This paper contains many "wise words," some of which we desire to use again.

"Sour are the uses of perversity." "Time is a sort of money which brings in something more than small change." "There is one good thing about faults; it is always the man you dislike most who has the most of them."

We learn from our exchanges that an unknown friend has given a new carpet and complete sets of furniture to the Y. M. C. A. Parlor and Reading Room at Davidson College. Trinity is making a noble effort in behalf of her library. We are glad to see this sort of spirit anywhere. We would rejoice to see some friends of G. F. C. doing something for us.

Just now we need very much a larger library and a more comfortable Reading Room. Will not some former student of the dear old College put forth her hand to help us? Will not the parents of our girls lend us aid? Will not some benevolent individual for love of a good cause send us books or money?

A late number of the *Davie Times* contains a very interesting article on "Surgeon Birds." Before the Physical Society of Geneva, M. Fatio has recently brought the case of the snipe. It seems that he has carefully observed this bird and proven beyond a doubt that it not only applies to wounds a dressing consisting of its own feathers, but sets a broken limb in a novel way.

The Shelby Review gives us the following:

The Devil's Four Servants.—The devil has a great many servants. They are all busy and in all places. Some are so vile-looking that one instinctively turns from them in disgust; but some are so sociable, insinuating and plausible that they almost deceive at times the very elect. Among this latter class are to be found the devil's four chief servants. Here are their names:

"There is no Danger,"
"Only this Once,"
"Every body Does So,"
"By and By."

All four are cheats and liars. They mean to deceive you and cheat you out of heaven, and they will do it if you listen to them.

We have enjoyed reading the January number of *The Davidson Monthly*. This does credit to a college which has long been justly noted for its high moral and educational standard.

In the January number of *The Cosmopolitan* there was an exceedingly interesting article by Matthew Arnold, entitled "Love and Marriage in Japan." It gives a considerable insight into the life of the women of that country.

We will gladly put *The Concord Standard* upon our Exchange list.

We tender our sincere thanks for the compliments which some of our exchanges have been pleased to bestow upon us.

We wish to correct a typographical error in the last issue of The Message. We were made to say that women are allowed to enter the *Ministry* of Melbourne, while they attend the *University*.

The Etude informs us that Rubenstein will visit America next season and give fifty concerts.

"The Last Days of Pompeii," Ernest Henser's symphonic poem, recently received its first performance at Cologne.

The Etude is a valuable magazine not only for the pretty selections it often contains, but for many useful hints, much history and much that is going on at the present.

It is to the cleverness of women that we owe the invention of the superior street sweeper, the improved method of heating cars, a chain elevator, a reaper and mower, a machine for feeding cattle on the cars, a practical fire escape, and the ubiquitious paper bag, ice-cream freezer and perambulator, and yet she will get off the car backward just the same.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

A man once asked a farmer to kindly take his overcoat to town. Said the farmer in reply: "But how will you get there?" "Oh!" said the gentleman, "I intend to remain inside the coat.—*Printer's Ink.*

There is a good deal of difference between making religion a business, and making a business of religion.--*Christian Arbitrator.*

Music has been regarded by many people, until within very recent years, as an effeminate art. It may fairly be said that a young American who devoted himself to music has been commonly looked down upon with a pitying or con-

temptuous shrug of the shoulders by men of affairs. A well educated man is expected to know something about poetry, pictures, sculpture, architecture—at least to have developed—good taste in those directions, but he may be as ignorant of music as an Esquimau is of engineering, and may yet confess his ignorance with a smile. He may even have the mistaken notion that his ignorance is somehow a sign of intellectual strength. —*The Christian Union.*

Several Exchanges have come in too late to be acknowledged. We will take pleasure in speaking of them hereafter.

Did you ever observe that the worth of a thing must be determined by the amount it gives out to help others? That piece of land is worth most which returns the largest yield to the tiller. That river is worth most which spreads the widest belt of fruitfulness and turns the largest number of wheels along its course. That tree is most valuable that yields the largest quantity of apples. So you will find that the most valuable things are those that do the most to help others. The sun is inestimable in worth because it is so vastly and perpetually useful. It does not keep its glories shut up in its own bosom, but pours down such floods of radiance and heat as enables the earth to clothe her forests in green beauty and burden her bosom with grain.

So it is with men. The man that gives out most from himself to help others is the most valuable man. He that moves on as a river, spreading the flowers of joy around him, lending a helping hand to turn the wheels of others is a man of worth. But the man who has much and keeps it all to himself, why he is a whirlpool, sucking in and swallowing up every thing around him. A man

"Whom none can love none can thank,
Creation's blot—creation's blank."

Raleigh Christian Advocate.

The King's Daughters' Dep't.

EVA MILLER, Editor.

There are now six Circles in the College.

Not satisfied with being King's Daughters in name only, they show their earnestness to work "in His name" in a practical way, by undertaking the education of an orphan girl.

The Mizpah Circle gave an oyster supper just after the last public recital, realizing about twenty-three dollars. We congratulate them on their success.

From Mrs. Bethlome.—With Her Hand in Mine.

How strange it sounds to hear you say—(and yet I was once just where you are)—"I ask God's help and am willing to serve Him, but I am not a Christian; and I have heard it said only Christians wear the cross of the Order of The King's Daughters." It is not true that only professing Christians join the Order of the King's Daughters. I feel like congratulating this generation of young people that they never have to suffer as I did when a young girl, from not knowing that I was, as you say, "accepted by The King as His Daughter."

Of course you will grow in the knowledge of God as your Father, through your trust in Him and love for Him, and in doing as He tells you to do—to love and care for others; but you must never, never doubt, under any circumstances, but that He is your Father. Say, as a good man told me to say—"I am a naughty daughter, a bad daughter," but never say you are not a daughter. God is the Father of all. Never forget what Christ told us—the story of the Prodigal Son. Never anything but a son, though he fed with the swine. But the joy, the new life came when he said, "I will arise and go to my father, and will say 'Father, I have sinned.'"

Now, my little sister, the sunset may have faded into the twilight, but I cannot let go your hand until you promise me that from this time, as the dear Father said: "Wilt thou not, from this time, cry unto me—'My Father, thou art the guide of my youth!'" As soon as you really believe you are His child, all life will change for you. You will want to work for your Father; you will want to suffer His will as His beloved Son did; and you will come to sing what I so much love, not right away, perhaps, but sometime—

"Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down—
Already life is Heaven for me;
No cradled child more softly lies than I—
Come soon, eternity."

THE INFLUENCE OF EARNESTNESS.

I remember that one of the queer things I did when I started on the Christian path, was to call to say good bye to a young friend of mine who had a great influence over me. She said, "Where are you going?" I replied, "I have made up my mind to go to Heaven." She was startled, of course, and said: "Well, why must you bid me good bye?" I said: "Because you will make fun of me, and I am weak, and I fear I could not stand it. If I were stronger I could hope to influence you, but I am uncertain about that, and so I have come to bid you good bye." Of course she questioned me to see if I meant it, but she found I did; at last she said: "Don't you think I want to go to Heaven as well as you?" And she commenced to cry. But they were penitent tears, and she started with me!

So I say to you, my dear girl, be earnest, be brave, for the little child's song is true—

"It takes a valiant soldier to march the heavenly road."

You are on the road now. Your choice of Christ makes you a Christian; all you have to do now is to go on. Be obedient to the still small voice within you. Have before your mind the question now hanging before my desk as I write: "What would Jesus do?" Act out your convictions in your every day life. Have ever the perfect pattern before you.

LOCALS.

LILLY JONES, Editor.

Third quarter almost gone!

To what century does 1900 belong?

We welcome in College since our last issue, Misses Snyder, Atkinson and Bivens.

A dear little Fresh. remarked the other day that she wasn't taking mathematics this year—she only had arithmetic.

One of the many compliments bestowed on a victim to that dreaded monster, measles, was: "Your face is of a lovely azure hue."

Mrs. Agnes Green McLaughlin, of Fayetteville, who was here in '86, paid a flying visit to her sister, Miss Ella Green, ('93) a few days since.

Miss Nannie Allen, who was a member of the class of '91, but who did not return for her senior year, was married to Dr. B. Banks, February 10, '92.

Three cheers for the Irvings! The long talked of Library is becoming something of a reality, as the first purchase of books for the Library of Irving Literary Society has been made.

Miss Sue Flemming, from Vaughan, Warren county, is numbered among the class of '93. We find her a very pleasant girl and venture to assert that she will be as popular as her cousin, Miss Jennie Rowland ('91.)

As this issue goes to press Miss Fannie Gwyn, of Elkin, N. C., who was with us last year, is on a visit to her many friends in College. How we wish Fan. were going to be with *us* again instead of seeking amusement *elsewhere* this year.

Miss G—— would be happy to know the price of gros-grain sugar. Will some one who is up with prices of sugar be so kind as to inform her? She would also be glad to know how many pounds of the above-named sugar it will take to make two pounds of candy.

One of Trinity's alumni ('91) was so kind as to multiply 12 by 2 for a Senior of G. F. C. a few days ago. Chapel Hill is not far behind. A student from there has imparted to us the valuable information that seventy-five from a hundred leaves twenty-five.

At the meeting of one of the "Tens," whose motto is the golden rule, the leader said to one of the girls: "My dear, have you kept the golden rule this week in thirds, sixes and tenths?" Did she mean in word, thought and deed? I suppose we are allowed to draw the conclusion that she was a musician.

Our last recital was public, and not-with-standing the inclement weather quite a large crowd assembled in the College chapel. After the exercises were concluded, the young ladies received their friends in the parlors. The following programme was rendered on the above-mentioned occasion:

PART I.

1. Piano Solo—Sonata Pathetique. *Beethoven.*
   Miss Lillie Moore.
2. Vocal Duet—The Wanderer's Night Song. *Rubenstein.*
   Misses Horne and Dixon.
3. Piano Solo—The Witches Dance. *Paganini Wallace.*
   Miss Saddie Granger.
4. Vocal Solo—The New Kingdom. *Sours.*
   Miss Julia Gabriel.
5. Dialogue—"The Bridal Wine Cup."
   Misses Gabriel, Arrington, Bays, Henderson, Brown and Dixon.
6. Piano Duet—Route-en-train Galop. *E. Ketterer.*
   Misses S. Granger and McKoy.
7. Vocal Solo—Serenade. *Neidlinger.*
   Miss Lillie Moore.

PART II.

8. Dialogue—"The Frog Hollow Lyceum."
   Misses Sedberry, Bays, Carver, Coltrane, Jones, Price and Gainey, and
   Messrs Ben and Wright Dixon.
9. Vocal Duet—Here on Thy Heart. *Sullivan.*
   Misses Moore and Gabriel.
10. Piano Solo—Valse de Concert. *Op. 3. in Db.*
    Miss Emma Thomas.
11. Piano Duet—Valse de Lus. *Ketterer.*
    Misses Cheatham and Black.
12. Vocal Solo—Dreams. *Stieleski.*
    Miss Emma Thomas.
13. Recomposing Exercises.
    Elocution Class

Not many days since one of the seniors was observed to be in a decidedly bad humor. When some one enquired the cause of the dejected countenance and the cross, snappish words that came in answer to all questions and would-be words of comfort, she replied that she was miserable and wanted one thing above everything on this earth. After much coaxing it was learned that this much coveted thing—girls, can you imagine what a poor Senior longs for more than any thing this quarter?—was an intellect peculiarly adapted to the study of Psychology.

On a wintry evening when the winds were blowing coldly outside, had you taken a peep into the College chapel a most charming array would have greeted your eyes. The young ladies were all in their best apparel—best frocks on—best ribbons on—best behavior on!—only one criticism—a constant looking back at the door as if in expectancy, and so they were. Finally the doors opened and in marched in battle array—(Cupid's bow being their weapon) fifteen young gentlemen who seemed on "furtive mischief bent."

For some days past the posters had been on the door announcing that the "University Glee Club" would give a concert at such and such a time, on a certain Friday afternoon.

We think Glee is the most appropriative adjective that could be attached to this handsome and well trained club. After the first piece on the programme, a rousing medley was rendered, the interest never flagged, but this was only a faint specimen of what was to come. We presume red bandannas are just out, or these stylish gents would never have deigned to use them. We congratulate our young statemen upon being the first to use them.

We were glad to see that though merry as any school girl they still

had tender hearts, and that allusions to such pathetic subjects as disappointment in love and death therefrom brought from their eyes tears of anguish. They were also brotherly in their affection, each trying to soothe the other in his distress. In fact we were fain to believe it merely a tableau from

"Mooney, mooney, shine on me,
Make me spoony as spoony can be."

This was especially noticeable in the case of the first Tenors.

The entertaining programme was rendered with great success. After the last number had been loudly applauded, the audience adjourned, hoping it would again have the pleasure of hearing these young Americans who sang "Old North State" with such vim and evident relish.

There is a bill pending before the Virginia legislature to provide lady physicians for the female patients of the State Insane Asylums. The "*Richmond Christian Advocate*," in an able editorial, endorses the measure, and says: "The surprise is that there has been delay so long in the employment of ladies, educated as physicians, to attend on the unhappy inmates of the gentler sex. The suggestion carries a rebuke for our neglect. Virginians, with their proverbial tender regard for women, and abhorrence of any encroachment on their native modesty, cannot but regret that public attention had not sooner been directed to this delinquency in the management of our homes for the demented. * * * *

The House of Delegates, with promptness and unanimity, has forwarded, with approval, to the Senate this bill, endorsed by noble women not a few, and commending itself to the best instincts of our race. It would astonish the people if our Senators should continue for a week longer the regulation that is placed over the hallway to the Women's Department: 'Admit men (of medical skill) only!' Not for a long time have we noticed any sign of progress that commended itself so thoroughly to our judgment. Insane asylums, when properly conducted, are among the noblest fruits of modern civilization, and we believe that for the most part those in this country are supervised both with intelligence and benevolence. Once in a while, however, it comes to pass that a rude and coarse creature, lacking in all the higher and finer qualities of manhood, is, by a queer combination of circumstances, put in charge of some hundreds of human beings whose light of reason has been obscured by passing clouds or gone out in utter darkness. That such a thing should be possible is a terrible indictment of our social conditions. But even the most learned, capable and tender man cannot do all the professional work that ought to be done in a Home for bewildered women.

"In connection with every such institution there is a crying need for the services of at least one competent and medically educated lady."

The *Richmond Christian Advocate* further and justly remarks:

"It is a grievous tax on the hearts of parents to leave a daughter, with reason unseated, in one of these huge hospitals. The mother cannot remain to hear the poor girl relate bodily ills to maternal and heeding ears. And whatever the malady, the young maiden must tell the story to strangers and to men. And men, never seen before, must, not unfrequently, make physical examinations. Surely a shock to delicate nerves, not curative in its consequences. If there ever was demand for the good office of woman to woman, it is in our asylums."

Let Virginia lead the way. We shall raise a cry one-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-readers long, urging the other States to follow. The fogyism that protests against such an innovation has absolutely no solid ground upon which to stand and must retreat before the ever-advancing light. In the name of the Christian chivalry that hallows and consecrates the very idea of womanhood, we plead for the speedy enactment of such statutes as will give force and effect to the above suggestions. One other point is worthy of consideration by our Legislators: The propriety of abolishing the present custom of confining and treating men and women in the same asylum.

There are many reasons for the total separation of the sexes and none, as far as we can see, for the opposite policy. Why should not one of the three Tennessee Asylums be set apart for the exclusive use of women? The whole subject is one of vital importance and we shall agitate it in good fashion before the next meeting of the Tennessee General Assembly.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

J. W. SCOTT & CO.,

Dry Goods and Notions,

AT WHOLESALE ONLY.

Also in a Separate Room,

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

AGENTS FOR

Mount Pleasant Plaids, N. C. Sheetings and Salem Jeans.

DR. G. W. WHITSETT,

DENTIST,

101½ E. Market, GREENSBORO.

LADIES'

"DRY GOODS EMPORIUM."

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Gowns, 50 cts. to $3.00; Shirts, 50 cts. to $3.50; Drawers, 25 cts. to $1.50; Chemies, 25 cts. to $1.50; Corset Covers, 15 cts. to $1 00. Sales ladies to wait on you in this department.

Largest Assortment of Corsets

IN THE CITY.

Gloves in all the Latest Styles and Shades.

Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings

Reeeive close attention. The newest fabrics and latest styles can be found at our establishment. Largest and most beautiful styles in HANDKERCHIEFS in this section.

RAYMOND & POWELL,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

H. H. CARTLAND,

Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

FINE CLOTHS, CASSIMERES

AND FURNISHING GOODS,

South Elm St,, GREENSBORO, N. C.

NEW SHIPMENTS.

We will receive for our spring opening entire new lines of novelties in

Dress Goods and Trimmings.

Our collection of

WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES AND LACES

for this summer will surpass in assortment, quantity and style that of any previous season. Buyers will find many advantages in an inspection of our stock before purchasing.

The Pretzfelder Dry Goods and Shoe Co.

W. B. FARRAR & SON,

WATCHMAKERS, OPTICIANS, ENGRAVERS

AND DEALERS IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS,

Eye Glasses, Spectacles, &c.

Repairing Done in all its Branches.

No better work done in the United States. After you have failed elsewhere, send your work to them. All work warranted. Fine Work a specialty. Don't be deceived by cobblers or botches, but be sure that you find them and get the best work. Send your watches by mail or express.

SCIENCE WILL CONQUER!

Has made it possible to restore Defective Eye-Sight to Normal Vision, which will often cure headaches, pains and indigestion. No one is better prepared to fit all defects of the vision, such as Astigmatism, Hyperopia, Myopia, Presbyopia, or any compound defects Call and see or address,

Tate Cor., opp. Post Office, **GREENSBORO, N. C.**

ART MATERIAL. ART MATERIAL.

A full line of these goods, embracing

TUBE COLORS,

BRUSHES,

CANVASS,

PAPERS,

VARNISHES,

CRAYON,

Pencils, Rubbers, Stamps, &c.

Schools desiring these goods mould do well to correspond with us, as we pay special attention to that class of trade, and can furnish them cheap as Factory. All kinds of

Foreign and Domestic Art Material.

at Wholesale and Retail.

ODELL HARDWARE CO.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Everything Pure and Fresh in Drugs

AND ELEGANT IN

Toilet Articles and Perfumery.

All the new drinks served at our handsome Soda Fountain.

Prescription Compounding our Specialty.

Orders by mail given prompt attention.

RICHARDSON & FARISS,

Successors to W. C. Porter.

Opp. Benbow House, PHARMACISTS.

C. M. VANSTORY & CO.'S

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fine Clothing, Hats

AND FURNISHING GOODS

FOR MEN YOUTHS AND BOYS.

Clergymens' Suits, Full Dress Suits and Suits made to order a specialty.

Respectfully,

C. M. VANSTORY & CO.,

Leading One Price Clothiers and Hatters, Greensboro.

MRS. S. E. BOBO,

118 South Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

Has opened a new stock of

MILLINERY GOODS

at her store under the Benbow House. Her stock includes everything in the line. Call and examine her goods.

C. E. HOLTON,

DRUGGIST,

303 South Elm St., GREENSBORO, N. C.

Besides a complete line of all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, displays an important collection of foreign and American

PERFUMES, SOAPS, BRUSHES.

TOILET ARTICLES,

and every requisite for a young lady's boudoir. Especial attention to College patronage.

J. H. COLEMAN,

GUN AND LOCK SMITH

AND GENERAL REPAIRER OF

TRUNKS, VALISES AND ALL KINDS OF KEYS

104 Court House Squure,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

MRS. C. C. GORRELL & CO.

Respectfully call the attention of the ladies to their stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

which they are offering at prices in reach of all. New goods received every few days. The popular "Centerneri" Kid Gloves are kept constantly by them.

Teachers and Young Ladies

Of G. F. C. are cordially invited to visit and patronize BROWN'S ONE PRICE HOUSE, Greensboro's largest and best dry goods establishment. We carry one of the finest and most complete stocks of Dress Goods, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, White Goods, Embroideries, China Silks and ladies' goods of all kinds in the State. We call special attention to our excellent line of Ladies' Fine Shoes and Slippers. Polite and prompt attention to all. Mail orders attended to with care and dispatch. Goods delivered free.

SAMPLE S. BROWN & CO.,

232 and 234 South Elm Street, GREENSBORO, N. C.

F. FISHBLATE'S

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

FINE CLOTHING,

Hats and Furnishing Goods.

We have all our goods manufactured and imported, and buy them in larger quantities than any other house in North Carolina, consequently we can underbuy and undersell all other houses that buy in small quantities and try to keep a little of everything.

We have suits to fit all sizes of men and boys.

We invite all college teachers and students to make our store their home when in Greensboro. We give special rates to all teachers and school boys.

Very respectfully,

F. FISHBLATE,

The only exclusive Clothier and Hatter of Greensboro, N. C.

SALESMEN:—W. R. Rankin, L. C. Howlett, J W. Crawford, J. P. Scott and R. H. Ballance.

P. S.—Suits made to order from samples a specialty.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Call on Miss Wyche and learn how you can get

CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS

$3.00 Per Dozen.

Regular rate to College is $4 per dozen.

Ladies who get frames from me will please remember that I expect all bills to be paid at Commencement, or before they leave. I am very glad to give credit *until that time.*

Very respectfully,

S. L. ALDERMAN.

G. WILL. ARMFIELD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes,

Hats, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Umbrellas,

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

Rugs, Mats, Curtains, &c.

SPECIALTIES—Ziegler's Shoes, Bay State and Hess Celebrated Shoes.

Commercial Block, GREENSBORO, N. C.

MRS. MOHUNDRO & CO.,

MILLINERY AND FANCY NOTIONS,

105 West Market Street.

Volume 5. APRIL. Number 3.

COLLEGE MESSAGE.

A Monthly Journal

Devoted to the interest of Greensboro Female College.

CONTENTS.

Literary Department. ISABELLE D. MONTGOMERY, Editor..... 1-5
College Department. BESSIE HOYLE, Editor..... 5-6
Alumnæ Department. MARY DURHAM, Editor..... 7-8
Books and Exchanges. B. M. LEE, Editor..... 9-10
Locals. LILLIE JONES, Editor..... 10-11
The King's Daughters' Department. EVA MILLER, Editor..... 11

1892.

Entered at the Post Office in Greensboro, N. C., as Second-Class Matter.

Thomas Bros., Power Job Printers, Greensboro.

A BOW

TO THE YOUNG LADIES

—FROM—

Fitzsimons' Drug Store.

Delicate Soaps to Soften the Hands and Beautify the Complexion, the Sweetest Sachets and Perfumes, Brushes for the Hair, for the Nails, for the Teeth.

Quality—the Best. Prices—the Lowest.

GEO. FITZSIMONS.

JOHNSON & DORSETT,

DRY GOODS AND SHOES.

Largest Stock of Fine

DRESS GOODS,

Ladies' and Gent's

Fine Shoes and Slippers

Ever shown in the city.

COME AND SEE.

206 & 208 S. Elm St., GREENSBORO, N. C.

GREENSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

This institution was founded by the North Carolina Conference, chartered in 1838, opened for the reception of students in 1846, and continued in successful operation until its destruction by fire in 1863. It was re-opened in 1873. The purpose of its founders was to furnish to young ladies the necessary advantages and facilities for the acquisition of a thorough and accomplished education. For many years it has enjoyed a reputation unsurpassed by any female college in the South, and standing as the mother of chartered female colleges in North Carolina, it still holds its place in the front rank of those institutions which aim at the higher education of women.

More than five hundred graduates and several thousand other young ladies, who received their chief training in the college, have gone out from its halls, exerting an elevating and refining influence upon society, and filling their homes with the light of a beautiful, cultivated, Christian womanhood.

The institution is still endeavoring to accomplish the object of its original establishment as a Methodist college, and though denominational in character, it is in no offensive sense sectarian. Terms now offered to daughters of ministers in regular pastoral work are more liberal than heretofore. The advantages offered by this institution are not surpassed by those of any female school in the South.

LOCATION, BUILDINGS, &C.

The College is located near the western limits of Greensboro, on an eminence "beautiful for situation," in the center of a campus embracing forty acres. The broad walks, well shaded, afford ample space for outdoor exercise and recreation.

The building is very large, commodious, and well adapted to school purposes, containing a capacious chapel, and dining room study hall, lecture, recitation and music rooms, parlors, reading room, art studio, and dormitories for one hundred and seventy-five boarding pupils. The art studio and study hall are in the north side of the building, with several large windows in each, through which a soft pleasant light is admitted. The building is well furnished with electric lights, hot and cold baths, steam laundry, and steam heating. Full particulars can be had by addressing the President.

COLLEGE MESSAGE.

Vol. V. Greensboro, N. C., April, 1892. No. 3.

Literary Department.

Isabelle D. Montgomery, Editor.

SOME OLD MAIDS.

There are so many of this class that it would fill volumes to tell the half that one would like to say. But since we have not space to say much we shall confine our remarks to a few individuals.

First we think of Elizabeth of England, the great queen who gave name to the birth-place of Washington and Lee. The nation, still suffering from the cruelty of Henry VIII. and "Bloody Mary," rent and torn by political strife and religious dispute, became happy and prosperous in her reign. Exercising justice alike to Catholic and Protestant, refusing, for England's sake, to consent to a union which personally she desired, truly the "mother of her people," she deserved the title of "Good Queen Bess." Herself an excellent scholar, literature took a great forward stride in her reign.

Who has not read with wonder and delight the Waverly novels? Does every one think, when praising them, about Maira Edgeworth who first suggested to Scott such a style of writing? Miss Edgeworth was justly admired by her most distinguished contemporaries. Byron, while he spoke with sarcasm of her works, admired them. Macaulay is said to have taken much pleasure in the thought that by the publication of his "history," he was enabled to make to Miss Edgeworth "some little return" for the enjoyment her writings for more than forty years had given him. As a direct moral teacher no novelist is her equal. But the best thing that she left to the world is the memory of herself, a maiden daughter, the joy and delight of her home, a true woman whose heart was always responsive to everything best and noblest in human nature.

We remember with a tender feeling that old maid whose name was Jane Porter. From how many eyes has her "Scottish Chiefs" drawn tears!

Joanna Baillie, the poet and play-writer, and Jane Austen lived in "single blessedness."

Hannah More was the most influential writer of her sex at the time in which she lived. "She did perhaps as much good in her generation as any woman that ever held a pen."

Remember Sister Dora, the heroine of English pest houses; think of the host of noble women who have devoted their lives to the relief of the suffering. It has been said that women have won all the untarnished laurels in late wars on both sides the Atlantic.

On the "Old Maid" list we see the names of "Florence Nightingale, the universally beloved philanthropist of Miss Marsden, the friend of Siberia's lepers, of many of our missionaries in foreign lands. But every reader of this might name many "fire-side angels" whom the great world, perhaps, does not know, but whom the church, the poor and the suffering, and the family prize "above rubies."

Hector.

REFINEMENT.

It will hardly be denied by any one that we each and all want a large portion of the good things of this earth. That such desires are placed in us and that the world is so bounteously supplied with blessings is sufficient evidence that God intended them for the enjoyment of his creatures. We want good characters, influence, money, cultivated minds, beauty, accomplishments, etc, etc; and last but not least we want and need refinement.

Charity is the refinement of christianity, and in social life refinement adds to this as a basis, culture of mind, elegance of body and grace of manner. Refinement may be emphasized as the ideal of a perfect life. Shams and counterfeits are found in every department of life and so it is that shallow pretence, shoddy gentility and veneer of manners often pass for genuine refinement. "Putting on airs" has its origin in a desire for well-bred behavior; the desire is good but the method is bad and the projector of it gets laughed at.

The process which human beings must go through in order to reach this ultimatum of life resembles greatly the tedious process in the refining of gold and silver, which must be subjected to a hard and complicated operation before they can be separated from all extraneous matter, freed from impurities and reduced to a fine and pure state. The more thoroughly refined men and women become the more valuable they are and the more complete their usefulness. Now and then gems are found which need only slight polishing to make them resplendent.

The degenerate ideas in regard to *lady* and *gentleman* have caused those words to be supplanted, in our free and liberal America, by the substantial words *man* and *woman*. The most ridiculous people in society at the present day

NCC
NcU

are those who pose as "American Aristocrats." The truth is that we have no real aristocracy in America; we have, however, great men and women who are making a foundation for an aristocracy which shall some day exceed the noblest and best the world has yet known. All that America can boast, to-day, is a moneyed aristocracy.

Oliver Wendell Holmes argues that this is as it should be, though transitory. He observed that money kept for two or three generations transforms a race, not merely in manners and hereditary culture but in blood and bone. Social life in America is, however, as every where else divided into strata and so distinctly are the lines drawn that you could look at the hands of half a dozen women and calculate with exactness almost as to what stratum they belong. To a nicety of personality belongs after godliness, cleanliness, and this even is a matter of no easy accomplishment.

One could not aim too high, nor strive too strenuously in seeking to gain the highest culture in manners, language, style, taste, intellect and moral feelings.

A. GEORGE.

A FRAGMENT FOR THE WEARY.

At a school for girls in one of our northern cities, the principal, a sweet-faced woman with soft, gray hair, invariably appeared before the classes with a knot of violets relieving the plainness of her dress.

At one time it had been confidently asserted among the older pupils that Madam had a lover somewhere, who kept her supplied with flowers; but as that anomaly of masculine devotion who had sent her violets for fifteen years was never visible to the most watchful eyes, he was relucantly consigned to a place among the myths.

As she came into the classroom one morning with a great cluster of purple violets in her belt, I boldly asked, "Miss Martin, why do you always wear violets?" A far-away, thoughtful look came into her clear eyes as she answered, "To remind me of a dream I had years ago, when teaching was irksome and when body and soul were sometimes very weary. At the close of a long, hard term, I had what is popularly called nervous prostration, and the dreams that thronged my feverish brain might have given rise to Hamlet's wail against death and its dreadful sleep. Dreams make no apology for being. They simply come. The faces of troublesome children rose before me imploring light on some difficult problem; they protested they could not understand; they were sick; they did not remember the lesson assigned; their books were lost; all the trials of a schoolroom tormented my aching brain as I struggled to bring order out of the chaos before me, crying in my heart, 'Is this teaching? How long can I endure this?'

"Presently the vision vanished, my nerves relaxed, and I found myself in a long, bare room where coarse-looking, roughly-dressed men were eating their scanty fare. As I walked among them, one motioned to a mass of violets on the pine table before him, saying, 'I know where they grow. I thought you would like them.' Oh, the cool, moist fragrance of those violets! I buried my face among them, and could only murmur, "How beautiful, how beautiful they are!'

"'You were my boy's teacher,' the gruff voice continued, 'and you made the hard places easy for him. Says I to my wife, If the boy ever makes anything of himself, it will be because she's made him love learning.'

"I lifted my head, and through my tears saw violets all around,—violets cool and fresh, fragrant of the woods in springtime.

"The work in the schoolroom was never so irksome after that. I came to rejoice in the children's little successes, and to sympathize in their troubles; and always," Miss Martin continued in a tremulous voice, "the fragrance of violets has been to me an inspiration and a reward."

Involuntarily the words came to mind,—

"Oh, the violets! sweet, wild violets!
Stealing their blue from the heaven above,
Wafting their fragrance o'er meadow and woodland,
Giving so gentle their message of love."

A MEMORY OF LASSWADE.

BY PAMELA MCARTHUR COLE.

The village of Lasswade, a few miles from Edinburgh, was the home of Walter Scott's early married life. It was always endeared to him by many tender memories; he loved to display to his friends the specimens of home carpentry made here; it was here that he became owner of the famous pony-carriage,—famous as having been the first wheeled vehicle that penetrated the wilds of Liddesdale. It is Lasswade that is supposed to have furnished the original for the sketch of the village of Ganderleuch in *Tales of my Landlord.*

"What a very singular name is Lasswade!" says many a traveler. "What does it mean?" And he is told the old story of the origin of the name.

"When there was nae Brig to cross the Esk river.
On Jenny's braid back they a'gaed thegither;
For Jenny was honest, stout, sober, and steady,
She carried the Laird, she carried his Leddy.
When he was richt seated, the doggie first gaed,
Then waving his stick he cried, 'Jenny, Lass, wade!'"

Jenny, the ferry-woman, herself long ago passed over a deeper stream than "the-wood-fringed Esk," but the site of her humble cottage is still pointed out. The cold-hearted reader, sitting in slippered ease beside his library fire, may sneer, incredulous, but looking on the pretty village smiling beneath the summer sun, or wandering through the ivy-wreathed cottage where the Great Magician wove his spells, none would think of questoning this legend,—or any other.

Among the schools I visited I remember with special interest that of Lasswade. An anecdote

told by a visitor at the examination is worth repeating. A country boy once visiting Edinburgh, was attracted by some street procession (to him an wonted sight), and to get a better view mounted the flight of steps leading to a house door Of course he knew nothing of the character of the occupant, but equally of course the city boys did, and a group of them soon collected at the foot of the steps, and beckoned to the stranger. "Laddie!" they cried, "laddie, come doun! *The man that dwells there was never a laddie!*"

WHAT FROEBEL FOUND OUT.

Froebel was a simple-minded man, so simple that he found out a remarkable fact. It is this:

"Educational forces should follow along the line of human activities."

He gave the children plays. He made them run, laugh, sing, weave, cut, paint, draw, write, read, and study, *because they like to do these things*. But he had so thoroughly studied educational methods, and so carefully arranged his plans, that *everything a child did educated him*. Everything was not only profitable, but everything was in the higest degree pleasant. We know that children will play all day and not feel oppressed. When nature demands sleep they will sleep. When it demands exercise they will run, leap and jump. Nature provides for the full development of all the senses, and a child given his will, will make known his individuality. He delights in sounds: his vocal organs will certainly be developed, his stomach will be filled, and his nervous system given food for growth and strength. Froebel's kindergarten is in miniature a true school of life, the grandest achievement of human thought in the department of education.

Froebel developed a perfect manual training school. We will place in order his fundamental principles that it can be seen how perfectly they are in accord with the truest manual or industrial methods:

Education is a growth from within, not a filling up from without.

Place a child in the right conditions and let him grow; the result will be education.

Learn the thought of God when he made the child.

There should be no difference in culture between a garden of plants and a garden of children. The plant springs up, grows to maturity and dies. So the child. The same conditions that will produce a perfect plant will, if applied to childhood, produce perfect men and women.

The woes and ills and diseases and troubles of the world come from a want of education.

It is true that we suffer for our fathers' sins, but right education will cure all in the end.

A child must be educated to *adapt* himself to his fellows! He must *adjust* himself—*for and by himself*—to his surroundings.

He must learn to respect the rights of others and self-assert himself when necessary. He must learn the practice of Christianity according to the law of Christ. "If any man will DO His will he shall know of the doctrine." All the precepts of pure religion he must learn by *doing*—the love of truth—goodness—the fear of evil—the impulse of helpfulness, the love of God—all, EVERYTHING BY DOING.

GOING! GOING! GONE!!

This school year; what its results are no human being can tell. That there are and will be results is as certain as life, but just how great, and whether for good or evil can not be recorded. The effect of influence is like the results of a stone thrown into a lake of still water. The waves it makes do not stop until they reach its furtherest shores. It is said that the vibrations produced by a single spoken word reach around the world. A few years ago while an astronomer was watching the sun a disturbance was witnessed; it was afterward ascertained that every telegraph instrument on the globe was disturbed at that very instant. Infinitely more subtle and permanent are waves of thought and influence. A single spoken word may start a pupil on the road to heaven or hell. A scholar has been known to leave a school room with a hatred of his teacher, life-long in its effects.

Add the long columns of results. What are their sums? Per cents? No! Facts? No. Memory work? No. What then? Character. That is all, worth mentioning. Throw arithmetic to the dogs, when you are estimating results. All the arithmetics on earth never maed a child a good man, or a girl an affectionate woman. What shall we do? Leave off studying arithmetic, geography, and history? No. But leave off thinking that all the studies of Christendom are anything but means, *means;* that is all. The learning to read is of no account compared with the *getting a love for good reading*, *high ideals*, and the building up of a CHARACTER. A school journal advises the calling up of the knotty questions of the past for the purpose of seeing that the pupils have them firmly in their grip. Whether this be good or bad depends upon why these knotty questions are called up. Is it for examination purposes, so that the pupil can pass and be promoted? Then it is bad. But if it is for conquering an obstacle so that the student can cry "Victory!" "Eureka!" then it is grand. When a boy grapples a problem with the grit, "I'll solve it, or I'll not eat my supper," he is educating in himself the stuff out of which heroes are made; when he stands before a jury he will say, "I'll convince them, or I'll sit up all night." He throws all his energies into that case as though his life depended upon his success.

What have our schools this year

done for our civilization? It is pitiable and pitiful how little many teachers and school boards care about *results*, *real* results, results that *amount to anything;* and how much they care about results that amount to nothing; percentage results, reported results, paper results, show results, nonsense results, rubbish results. Results that fix in the mind higher ideals, that excite noble thoughts and aspirations; results that educate courage, conscience, and a consideration for the rights of others; results that make a child cleaner, purer, more lovable—these results are worth agonizing for. The schools where these results have been reached, have done a work that can not be paid for in cash, or estimated by the rules of percentage and interest.

UPHEAVAL AND RECONSTRUCTION

The educational world is rapidly changing. The question uppermost in the minds of progressive teachers a few years ago, was *object lessons*. This has been displaced by the deeper one—*methods*. The mind is more studied, the child is investigated, and the meaning of education more fathomed. An all-sided training is demanded. Fictions, fallicies and falsehoods are being taken out of teaching, and truth is taking its place. Writing will soon be learned by writing, not by the writing-book; spelling, by spelling in written expression, not by the spelling-book; reading, by reading what is interesting, not by one series of Readers; and the art of speaking and composing our English language correctly, by speaking and composing it correctly in daily talk and composition. Arithmetics are *in transitu* from the old to the new. History is to be taught by stories and reading, and not by attempting to learn the names of a thousand men and women, and the dates of as many battles and treaties; and geography, that grandest and most comprehensive of all studies, will bring the learner to see the world with his mind's eye, *as it is*, and study its wealth of mineral, animal and vegetable possessions; with geography will be studied *from the very* first, zoology, botony, ethnography, mathematical drawing, geometry, and history.

Manual training is coming to be a part of all school work. Cooking, cutting and fitting of clothing, printing, sewing, embroidery, carpentry, industrial drawing and designing type writing, short-hand instruction, and microscopy will be a part of all sbhool work. It will solve the problem, "How shall a poor boy be so educated as to start at once to make his living in a more direct and positive manner than is done in the ordinary school?" It does not propose to abolish the present literary curriculum, but to add to and complete it by putting to school *the whole boy*—brains, legs, eyes, arms and fingers. It claims there can be no education without the senses, and that there is a close connection between brain-thinking and hand-doing.

For the purpose of forwarding all these great reforms the INSTITUTE lives. This is our work. To it we have dedicated the years of life.

"THE YOUNG IDEA."

BY J. N. DAVID.

We have another book after the fashion of *English as She is Taught*. These books give us a number of ludicrous answers, and afford some opportunity to assault the public school system and the methods of teaching. Similar books can be made from answers of teachers, ministers, doctors, lawyers, and college students on examination.

The writer was once tempted to compile a volume, "English of Teachers," from papers obtained in several years experience as county superintendent. He recalls such answers as these: "The Battle of Bunker Hill was fit by Grant and Lee." "Gettysburg, a battle of the revolution." "The battle of Pharsalia was between the french and english." "Trafalgar between Pompey and Cæsar." "The first roman triumvirate was Tom, Dick and Harry." "The Fauna of a country is the Prohibition Party." "The wars of the crusades were in Ohio." But it is needless to continue. It would be absurd to conclude from the above answers that teachers generally are unfit for their duty.

After all, such books only prove that teachers ask improper questions, and pupils give ludicrous answers. From how many schools have these answers been obtained? What relation do they bear to the whole number of questions asked and correct answers received?

These questions must be answered before any general conclusions can be drawn. In many of the answers given the skilled teacher discovers the sub-conscious idea of the child. Then the folly of expecting the young idea to be a mature idea, to expect the opening mind to grasp all phases of the subject! The best friends of the public schools admit that it is not a panacea for all the ills of society. That too many mere boys and girls are employed as teachers. But *there never was a time when parrot-learning preparation for examination, for exhibitions, for obtaining marks, was more heartily condemned by the teachers.*

It does not follow that if a youth says, "The head is directly attached to the femur," he will never be an anatomist. It does not follow if a youth says "Interest on interest is confound interest," that he will never be a financier. It does not follow because a child says that "Doxology" is "dropsy in the head," that he will be unfit for a minister. It does not follow that comical answers in youth will unfit one for the exercise of the right of suffrage. The public schools are simply a single factor in the great educational forces brought to bear on the children of

America. It is doing a grand work, not absolutely perfect. Could its friends see the revolution it is making in some Southern states, they would shout for joy. The little white schoolhouse on the hilltop and in the valley of West Virginia has carried knowledge and culture to thousands of homes. Let us not sneer at that best boon to the mopes in America.

FUSSINESS.

There is occasionally a fussy soul, who is continually troubling himself about things of no account. If he is in the church he is trying to find out: "Of what kind of dust Adam was created," and, "how the star in the East can be reconciled with astronomical facts." If he is trying to be in business, he will spend much time in computing exactly "how long it would take a cent at compound six per cent. interest to amount to a million of dollars," or, "what the national debt would have amounted to if the war had continued a year and six months longer." If he is teaching, he is puzzling and boring everybody by his impracticable questions in reference to absolutely unimportant and unprofitable subjects, such as, "How many of the plays of Shakespeare were written during the last two years of his life?" "Who was the first man to whom Columbus suggested the possibility of finding a new route to India?" "Can an adverb modify prepositions?" "What great man was born with a wart on the lower end of his right little finger?" He will kindly suggest to you in a sort of pedantic way that "the generally accepted pronunciation of *depot* is d*e*pot, accent on the syllable," and that you "inadvertently said m*u*seum, instead of mus*e*um." He will look "wondrous wise" and imagine you are mightily impressed with erudition, and profoundly thankful for his suggestions. Such a person has his place, but it is a remarkably small one. A million such souls as his would rattle in a mustard seed, each one having as much room as a shiner in the Atlantic Ocean.

COLLEGE DEPARTMENT.

BESSIE HOYLE, Editor.

The World's Fair Commissioners, Messrs. Bryan, Higginbotham and Innis, were received by King Humbert January 29. The King informed the commissioners that he took a lively interest in the Chicago Exhibition.

"The Jews," says a writer, "are more numerous at the close of the nineteenth century than they were at any previous period of their history. They live under a hundred flags, representing all forms of government, and are powerful wherever they live."—*N. Y. Advocate.*

The Superior Court of Connecticut said in a recent decision: "On the simple ground of economy the State cannot afford to permit any child to grow up without being sent to school." The carrying out of this idea is not compulsory education--it is self-protection and preservation. But better compulsory education than voluntary and enforced ignorance.

Longfellow's home in Cambridge, with its lilac hedge, its elms, and its superb view across the meadows to the Charles, is tenanted now by the poet's daughter, Miss Alice Longfellow, who sometimes extends the hospitalities of its roomy parlors and handsome grounds to the ladies of the Harvard annex. The house was built by a colonial Tory, and although it is nearly a century and a half old there are few handsomer residences in New England today.—*Harper's Weekly.*

At the approaching commencement of Greensboro Female College the Rev. Dr. R. N. Sledd, of Virginia, will preach the annual sermon on Sunday, May the 22d. Col. John F. Bruton, of Wilson, N. C., will deliver the address before the Alumnæ Association on Wednesday, 25th May, and Hon. H. A. Gudger, of Asheville, N. C., will deliver the address before the Literary Societies on Thursday, May 26th.

We congratulate ourselves upon securing these excellent speakers.

WANTED—A GIRL.

Wanted—a girl—not a butterfly gay:
Gentle and sweet in a womanly way.
No beautiful picture, languid and fair,
That always seemed labelled, "Please handle with care;"
But one in whose heart is hidden true worth,
And faithfully follows its mission on earth.
Hopeful and earnest in helping and giving,
Finds plenty to do in the life she is living,
Fulfilling its duties with sweet content,
Whether adverse or pleasant, just as they're sent
In the garb of a queen or in homespun arrayed,
Whatever her station—is needed that maid.

Eleven thousand applications have been made for admission to the Leland Stanford University.

Schuylkill Seminary, Fredericksburg, Pa., of which institution Dr. Crowell was Principal when elected to the Presidency of Trinity College, has just received over $400,000 by the bequest of the late John H. Lick, the adopted son of John Lick, by whose provision the Lick University of California was built.

Legend of the Trailing Arbutus.

At a meeting of the American Folk-lore Society, held recently in Washington, D. C., the Indian legend of the trailing arbutus was thus beautifully told in a paper prepared by Representative C. E. Belknap, of Mich., and read in his absence by Dr. Bolton:

On the north shore of Lake Superior, in the vicinity of the Pictured Rocks, grows to perfection that dearest and sweetest of all wild flowers, the arbutus. The plant that the most skillful florist, the plant that the tender, loving touch of woman even cannot cause to grow in hot-house or garden.

There are two things that the learned white man does not understand—the Indian and the arbutus. From time to time, as sitting by the camp-fires in the evening, I have been told of the

creation of many animals and birds by the great Mannaboosho and his captains the Manitos, and this is the legend as told me of the origin or the creation of the arbutus:

It was many, many moons ago there lived an old man alone in his lodge beside a frozen stream in the forest. His locks and beard were long and white with age. He was heavily clad in fine furs, for all the world was winter, snow and ice everywhere; the winds went wild through the forests, searching every bush and tree for birds to chill, chasing evil spirits o'er hill and vale, and the old man went about searching in the deep snow for pieces of wood to keep up the fire in his lodge. In despair he returned to his lodge, and sitting down by the last few dying coals he cried to Mannaboosho that he might not perish. And the winds blew aside the door of the lodge and there came in a most beautiful maiden. Her cheeks were red and made of wild roses; her eyes were large, and glowed like the eyes of a fawn at night; her hair was long and black as the raven's wing, and it touched the ground as she walked; her hands were covered with willow buds; her bonnet was a wreath of wild flowers and her clothing of sweet grasses and ferns, and her moccasins were white lilies, and when she breathed the air of the lodge became warm.

The old man said: "My daughter, I am glad to see you; my lodge is cold and cheerless, but it will shield you from the tempest of the night; but tell me who you are, that you dare to come to my lodge in such strange clothing? Come, sit here and tell me of thy country and thy victories, and I will tell thee of my exploits, for I am Manito." He then filled too pipes with tobacco, that they might smoke as they talked, and when the smoke had warmed the old man's tongue he said:

"I am Manito; I blow my breath and the waters of the hill stand still."

The maiden said:

"I breathe and flowers spring up on all the plains."

The old man said:

"I shake my locks and snow covers all the ground."

"I shake my curls," said the maiden, "and warm rains fall from the clouds."

The old man said:

"When I walk about the leaves fall from the trees; at my command the animals hide in their holes in the ground and the birds get up out of the water and fly away."

The maiden said:

"When I walk about the plants lift up their heads, the trees cover their nakedness with many leaves, the birds come back, and all who see me sing. Music is everywhere."

And thus they talked and the air became warm in the lodge. The old man's head dropped upon his breast and he slept. Then the sun came back and a bluebird came to the top of the lodge and called: "Say-ee, say-ee, I am thirsty;" and the river called back: "I am free; come and drink."

As the old man slept the maiden passed her hands over his head and he began to grow small; streams of water ran out of his mouth, and soon he was a small mass upon the ground and his clothing turned to green leaves, and then the maiden kneeling upon the ground, took from her bosom the most precious white flowers and hid them all about under the leaves; then she breathed upon them and said: "I give thee all my virtues and my sweetest breath, and all who would pick thee shall do so on bended knee."

Then the maiden moved away through the woods and over the plains; all the birds sang to her, and wherever she stepped and nowhere else, grows the arbutus.

Bamberg has given finely located property, amounting in value to $5,000, and an additional subscription of $10,000, to Wofford College, for the purpose of establishing and fitting a school there. Led by eight or ten influential citizens, the entire community joined in the work with great unanimity. The buildings will be begun soon, and it is hoped they will be ready for use next fall. Bamberg never made a better investment or one that will make richer returns. Wofford College has adopted the wise policy of establishing fitting schools in different sections of the State as feeders to the College. The great need of the State is high-grade preparatory schools. The demand for higher education is fully met in the colleges already established.—*Raleigh Advocate.*

Her majesty the Queen of England, some time since subscribed $200 toward the fund for the purchase of the cottage in which Milton wrote "Paradise Lost." This is not a very large sum, but it is four times as much as Milton received for the poem.

Goodness is the highest possible attainment. Title, honors, wealth, position, popularity, gifts, skill, knowledge, all these are nothing in comparison with goodness. A good conscience, a pure heart, an upright life are more to be desired than all things else.—*New York Christian Advocate.*

Mrs. Ransom, wife of the United States Senator from North Carolina, is said to be one of the most highly educated women in the South. She fitted each of her six sons for college.

The truest aim of the highest education is to give character, to train man to be, rather than to know.—*Mark Hopkins.*

The deepest depth of the sea is reported to be at a point twenty-three miles north of New Guinea, where soundings show a depth of 26,850 feet.

Alumnæ Department.

MARY DURHAM, Editor.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

Mrs. Luke Blair Boylin resides in Wadesboro.

Miss Lura Beard is teaching at Walnut Cove.

Miss Kate Cheatham has been teaching in Johnson Co.

Mrs. Uva Lyon Barnes now resides in Henderson.

Miss Alice McDonald has a fine music school at McCall.

Miss Lizzie Giddens is now teaching in Pitt county.

Miss Hattie Wooten has recently gone on a visit to New Orleans. We wish for her a pleasant stay and a safe return.

Miss Mary Blair is teaching at Lilesville, N. C. Her cousin, Miss Jennie Blair is doing good work here this year.

Miss Sallie Nowlin is successfully teaching near her home, so we hear. We are sorry not to have her with us this term, but very glad to hear of her success elsewhere.

Miss Bessie Davis, ('91,) has a very prosperous school at Closs, N. C. Much success to you Bess. How we miss your dear face here!

Miss Sue Gregory is selling books at Mrs. Howard's bookstore in this town.

Mrs. Sallie Grafflin Medlin, of Wilmington, is now quite ill. We sincerely hope soon to hear of her complete restoration.

Miss Macie Calhoun, ('91,) is teaching at McCall. How we would enjoy a peep at the school of that dear old class-mate!

Miss Edith Hagan ('91) comes back to us for lessons in elocution. She is quite an addition to Mrs. Shields' class.

Miss Hattie Ivy is now Mrs. Jas. White, of Statesville. The very idea of an ivy becoming white suggests the days of miracles.

Mrs. Eliza Vaughn, whom many of the graduates will remember as Miss Eliza Steadman, was here on a visit a few days ago.

Mrs. Florence Houston Phifer is now living in Florida, and from reports she must have enough to keep both heart and hands quite busy.

Miss Addie Andrews is in Brockman's Music Store. We are sure she is quite a valuable aid with her practiced fingers, pleasant face, and charming and cultivated voice.

Miss Maggie Long is expected to visit friends and school-mates here soon. We hope she will make us a long visit for she is such a pleasant, sweet girl.

Miss Nellie Woodley, one of our jolly South Carolina girls, has recently been married—we have been unable to learn the name of the groom.

Miss Maggie Carriles here on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Peacock. We are glad to have her with us and hope she will remain some time.

Miss Carrie Gwyn, who was with us before Christmas, is now taking Art in Baltimore. We miss her sweet smiles her, but rejoice to learn of her rapid progress elsewhere.

Miss Bessie Sherrill ('88) is now Mrs. S. L. Alderman and resides in this town. Her pleasant face and sweet voice add much to the choir of West Market St. church.

We are indeed sorry to learn that Miss Hettie Minor ('90) has been so sadly bereaved in the death of her kind and noble father. The MESSAGE extends sympathies.

Miss Hatttie Martin, of Chapel Hill, has recently been visiting old school mates here. We were glad to have her among us and hope she will, at no distant day, again thus delight her many friends of G. F. C.

Mrs. J. M. Hays ('54) was in the city not long since visiting her sister, Mrs. Sue Doub. Mrs. Hays called around to see us a short time, and we were delighted to see her and also to learn that her health was so much improved.

Miss Estelle Dunlap ('91) has informed some of her friends here that she is at home "having a good time." From all we can hear, she is learning to keep house very successfully. Ah! In good time and perhaps not without a good purpose. There would be many more happy homes if all our girls knew how to keep house.

Mrs. Mary Webb Jones now resides at Lewisville, N. C. Her sister, Miss Eva Webb, is teaching at Oaks. These ladies show their appreciation for their *alma mater* by sending their younger sister, Berta, here to receive her education.

Miss Florence Lea is now the wife of Mr. S. M. Clarke, of Anson county. Her sister Addie now walks the halls of G. F. C. and lends her sweet influence to make bright and happy the lives of her school-mates.

Miss Minnie Kerner, of Kernersville, was here a few days ago visiting Miss Daisy Leak, the Language Essayist for this year. It must have been pleasant for Miss Kerner to find that in her old college home our "curly headed little nuisance" has been so successful in her studies and so popular among her school-mates.

Miss Jennie Rowland ('91) has been visiting Miss Mamie Parham at Oxford. We guess both enjoyed the visit and Jennie must have had a *gay* time, for who ever heard of her having anything else? We are going to expect you here at Commencement, Jennie—don't disappoint us.

Miss Fleta Watkins paid us a short visit the other day. She is now with Mrs. Bertha Cutler Watkins who, we are very sorry to learn, has been sick for several

days. We hope she will soon be well again and that Miss Fleta's visit to Greensboro will be a pleasant one.

The girls who were here a few years ago remember the very close friendship which then existed between "sweet Annie Page" and "jovial little Alice Smith" of Asheville. Miss Page is now teaching at Asheville, and we imagine it must be sweet happiness indeed for them to be together again, sharing in each other's pleasures and joys as in days gone by.

Miss Rosa Chandler, now Mrs. Charles Robertson, resides at Morehead City. The Rose has been plucked and carried to the sea-shore, but the sweet Lily and pretty little Daisy still live in the Garden of Hamer, making glad the passers by.

Miss Nettie Ferree ('91) seems to be "sipping the sweets of life." She has recently been visiting friends in Danville, Va. and on her return stopped a short while in Greensboro. We were glad to have a glimpse of her, but sorry we could not see more of her. It is reported that she will travel North a few months later—wonder who will have the privilege of accompanying her?

Miss Eugenia Thomas (sal. '78,) is now the noble and worthy helpmate of Rev. M. H. Moore at Trinidad, Colorado. The MESSAGE wishes for them much success in their distant field of labor. Mrs. Moore's sister, Emma, will graduate here this year, and although she wins no "class honor" she carries, with her, honors which perish not with the day and are higher and more in themselves than those gained by "marks" or conferred by the weak hand of man.

Miss Fannie Gwyn, one of G. F. C.'s fairest and loveliest daughters, and Mr. Alex. M. Smith, of Lynchburg, Va., were married in the M. E. Church of Elkin, March 16, 1892.

The *Courier* gives quite a glowing description of this event; and among other things said, we find the following:

"Another maiden has plucked courage from the many pages written on the advice 'how to manage a husband,' and has promised to love, honor and obey the hero of her dreams, and man of her choice.

The church was brilliantly lighted, the windows were darkened with hangings, and candles and candelabra were called into requisition to light the church. Arches spanned the main aisle gates were arranged through which the bridal party were to pass. The church was tastefully dressed in evergreens and flowers. A flower-covered bell was hung in front of the altar, under which the couple stood and plighted their troth. Long before the hour announced for the ceremony the church was filled with the animated faces of interested and expectant friends.

When the bridal party arrived at church, they found the church jammed from altar to door.

At the appointed hour the doors were thrown open and the ushers Messrs. Hunter Perkinson and Paul Chatham, entered to the sweet strains of the wedding march played by Mrs. A. B. Gallaway on the organ, and assisted by Prof. Thos. Prosho on the violin.

Two sweet little girls, Kate and Grace Gwyn, led the way and opened the gates for the bridal party. Then came Mr. W. W. Stover with Miss Carrie Gwyn, and Mr. J. C. Horton with Miss Annie Gwyn, a sister of the bride. Lastly came the bride and groom.

The couple were married with a ring. The bride's presents were numerous and beautiful. During the reading of the ceremony which made this fair daughter of Elkin, a matron, and changed her name, Prof. Prosho played a most beautiful tremelo on the violin, loud enough to be heard by all, yet not loud enough to mar the ceremony."

This happy couple is now drinking at the crystal springs and plucking the sweet flowers of our dear old Florida Land. We hear that after their return they will make their home in Winston. In behalf of the many friends and dear school-mates, which the bride has here, we would extend many hearty congratulations, while we wish for the bride and her "chosen one" the grandest success and the happiest life.

Universities are multiplying. The last one is to be located in Worcester, Mass., and is to be endowed by Mr. Jonas Gilman Clark with a million of dollars. The *Tribune* thinks that "one great college in a state is better than any number of small ones," and says it would have been better for Mr. Clark to have given his wealth to Harvard. Not so. In the multiplication of good schools is our hope. One immense national university at Washington could by no means supply the college wants of the entire country. The small schools have done untold good. In them good men are brought into personal contact with the students. The life in them is purer, even though the scholarship is not so elevated as in great universities. Character tells in a school, not Latin. The school that Mr. Clark will found will not be measured, in its success, by the money he gives, but by the men he can bring to give it virtue. We can never have so many schools that the *good* ones will ever lack students.

The old men of Europe govern the world. Victoria is not very young, and Mr. Gladstone's seventy-seventh birth-day finds him less overwhelmed with public care than was the case a year ago, but with better health. The Emperor William will soon be ninety-two, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will live to an equally vigorous old age.

Books and Exchanges.

B. M. Lee, Editor.

Every young person, we suppose, wishes to be a weather prophet. The *Standard* gives us the following "cat signs":

If a cat sneeze it is a sign of rain.

The wind will blow from the point the cat faces when she washes her face, and fair weather will follow.

Cats rub against an object before a storm.

Sailors say when a cat is frisky she has a gale of wind in her tail.

The germs of spring poetry are hurking in Eddie's bosom, and one of the bursting buds has blossomed out into the poetic flower:

A gay young coquette is Miss Julia,
With flattery seeks she to rulia;
But 'twere best to beware,
Else you'll find that, though fair,
This maiden is seeking to fulia.

—*Exchange.*

The *Wilson Mirror* of March 23rd, contained a short talk on "Culture," the sentiment of which we wish all shared. The points brought out are the advantages to be gained from the thorough training of the mind; the pleasure a cultivated person can give to others; the mistakes of aiming too low, of superificial study and of pursuing pleasure as an end.

The *New York Ledger* is publishing a series of letters by Lieut. Frederick Schwatka. These letters describe his experiences and discoveries in the New York *Ledger* Alaskan Expedition. They are illustrated by photographs taken by the lieutenant. They are both interesting and instructive.

The March number of the *Davidson Monthly* has been received. It is full of sound reading matter, contains several illustrations, and on the whole is a highly attractive sheet. We can not let the subject go without recommending to our girls a very short article, "Davidson's Linguistic Difficulties." We surely ought not to fall into the habit of using "College slang" until we need interpreters.

We have had several visits from the *Oak Leaf*, which we have enjoyed.

We believe the following extract from E. A. Smith's "Stray Thoughts," in *The Etude* was meant not simply for musicians:

We have our ideas concerning perfection, but the heights and depths of it have never been fully sounded by any other than the Infinite. * * * * The avenues that lead to perfection may be many, and they are most intricate and subtle. Art is simplicity only to him who thoroughly masters it. He alone masters it who thoroughly understands its principles, and *all* its principles have never yet been fully understood—aye, probably not even discovered, for each day brings some new thing. However, the student, teacher, artist, who essays to do anything less than his *best*, fails just so much in his approach to his own ideal, which is the climax of his own estimate of perfection—and he who falls short of that wrongs himself, those who believe in him, and all tone art. Progress, then, toward that which seems best and grandest and noblest, nor for a moment backward look over the long, hard-trodden paths of difficulty, save that it be to gather new strength, for perfection is never backward it is always forward.

Goslin, "Aw, I have a verwy bad headache this morning, doncher know."

Cuspid, (a dentist, absent-mindedly), "Why don't you have it filled?"

Among the curiosities at the North Carolina department of the World's fair will be shown some of the fragments of the chain which held Columbus in his prison. These were brought to the State by Robert S. Moore, of Newbern. —*The Caucasian.*

The *Hesperers* last month contained among other things a tribute to James Russell Lowell by W. L. Waters. It gives to that great man deserved praise.

A German one day expressed himself as being somewhat offended because an American gentleman had asserted that his Teutonic countrymen could not, as a rule, appreciate American jokes.

"Try one on me!" he said defiantly, and the American accordingly told him the story of the tree "out West" which was so high that it took two men to see to the top. One of them saw as far as he could, and then the second began to look at the spot where the first stopped seeing.

The recital did not raise the ghost of a smile upon the German's face, and the other said to him:

"Well, you see the joke is lost on you. You can't appreciate American humour."

"Oh, but," said the German, "dat's not humour. Dat's von *lie*."—*Youth's Companion.*

Among our exchanges is the *Southern Educator*, of which we are a warm friend. The *Educator* is very full of hints on important questions. For the sake of those students who groan on account of *written* work, we copy from a back number of the *Educator* a few statements, which bear upon this subject:

1. It holds the pupil's mind to the subject.
2. It keeps the pupil out of mischief.
3. It improves his pemnanship.
4. It is a drill in neatness.
5. It is a drill in punctuation.
6. It is a drill in the practical use of capitals.
7. It is a drill in writing sentences.
8. It aids in the formation of business-like habits.
9. It develops the reasoning faculties.
10. It aids precise and accurate expression.
11. It helps the pupil to shun laziness.

12. It secures much better lessons.

13. It enables the teacher to know just how much each pupil does.

14. It enables the teacher to know just how much each pupil can do.

"The true friend of education will admit a palpable truth and profit by it."

"We are never in earnest about anything that we can not occasionally get enthusiastic over."

God never puts gold in the fire to burn it up. As soon as the dross is consumed He will take it out.—*Christian Arbitrator.*

We have received copies of the *Yadkin Valley News*, the *Landmark*, the *Wilson Advance*, the *Progressive Farmer*, and the *Greensboro Patriot* lately. We tender our thanks for the same.

We enjoyed the last *Archive* greatly.

The editor of a College paper says that a famous college president, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at the beginning of the college year. "It is," he said in conclusion, "a matter of congratulation to all the friends of the college that this year opens with the largest freshman class in its history." And then, without any pause, he turned to the lesson for the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder: 'Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!" —*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

The cashier of a business house in New York finds that the following notice, posted in front of his desk, serves a useful purpose: "Never address your conversation to a person engaged in adding figures. There is nothing so deaf as an adder."

Mr. Whittier is quoted as saying: "It's a great thing to own a little bit of the Lord's earth straight up to the heavens. A man feels better for it."

LOCALS.

LILLY JONES, Editor.

It has been said that the distance from the extreme northern part of North America to the extreme southern part of South America is 120 miles. The *small* author of this remark is evidently not "*in it.*"

Professor told his Chemistry class some time ago that Si O_4 was the silicate radical, thereupon one of the young ladies wrote on the fly leaf on her text book, Si O_4=Silly Kate.

A "Prep." says a fraction is one number on the top of another.

A Greensboro girl receives letters—or rather received *a* letter—from which we quote such expressions as, "I long to be with you," "please send the same" (referring to the lady's photograph) "with a lock of your hair."

One of the Trinity delegates to the Y. M. C. A. Convention would like to know the name of the young lady who sat in the gallery, left-hand side, second row of seats, Sunday night, March 28th. He says she wore a "dribly drab" dress and a flat hat.

Miss S. wants to know the difference between the shape of a *sugar loaf* and a *loaf of sugar.* She is especially anxious to know what would be the shape of a sugar loaf if it were cut by a plane parallel to the base.

Miss Hattie Martin, of Chapel Hill, who was numbered among the "G. F. C. girls" last year, spent several days in College with her many friends during the last month. A *special* ——— asked, when she heard Hattie was coming, if she was a delegate to the W. M. C. A. Convention.

One of the Sophs. says she had a "Physical review in geography" last week. A learned, dignified Senior, who has just completed Psychology, insists that the Soph. was mistaken—that the review certainly must have been purely psychical.

Can either of the Messrs. Durham explain the relationship which causes a certain young lady to say "Mama Dixon"? Information on the subject will be gladly received, as our curiosity is very much excited.

At the last meeting of the Irving Literary Society the following officers were elected:

President—Miss Isabelle Montgomery.
1st Vice President—Miss Ida Holder.
2d Vice Pres't—Miss Sallie McGehee.
Secretary—Miss Saddie Granger.
Treasurer—Miss Minnie Gattis.
Censor—Miss Willie Ferebee.
Janitresses—Misses Gamey and Boshamer.

The Emerson Society met 12th March, and elected the following officers for the next quarter:

President—Miss Mamie Gantt.
1st Vice President—Miss Lela Shuford.
2d Vice Pres.—Miss Beckie Cheatam.
Secretary—Miss Mabel Chadwick.
Treasurer—Miss Montie Christian.
Janitresses—Misses Arrington and Calahan.

The Y. M. C. A. Convention of N. C. was held in West Market street Church, Greensboro, March 24-27. The reports of the past year's work were very encouraging and show something of the great work being done by this noble band of workers. There is much good they have done that will never be known on earth. God speed the Y. M. C. A. movement, and may his approval and blessing crown their every effort.

The basest ingratitude was manifested in room No. 29 last week. Miss H's most intimate friend, feeling compassion for the extreme ugliness of Miss H's beau, tried to improve his photograph by embroidering it richly in green and gold. A dilapidated, broken corner was sewed in and stitched with royal purple. The ears, which were somewhat large, and which showed off to the best advantage, as the photo. was full face, were out-lined with yellow, giving these ornaments a very animated ex-

pression. Miss H. did not seem to appreciate the untiring efforts of her friend, and though every one else thought it a hundred per cent. better looking than before, she declared it was spoiled—and burned it.

The pupils of G. F. C. gave a public recital March 25th, at 5 o'clock, p. m., in honor of the Y. M. C. A. Convention. Every one enjoyed the following program:

PART FIRST.

1. Piano Solo—Sonata—Op. 27, No. 2. *Beethoven.*
   Miss Bertha Lee.
2. Recitation—"Tautalus."
   Miss Julia Gabriel.
3. Piano Duet. { Bolero. *Gurlett.* / Perricato Polka. *Strauss.* }
   Misses Miller and Minnie Gattis.
4. Vocal Duet—Oh Come to Me. *Kenkhe.*
   Misses Thomas and Montgomery.
5. Piano Solo—Valse—Op. 64, No. 2. *Chopin.*
   Miss Mamie Hackney.
6. "Tableaux Mouvants." *Adopted from Songs.*
   Misses Hagan, Carver, Bays, Small, Dixon and Douglas.
7. Piano Solo—Les Rameaux—Faure. *Leybach.*
   Miss Birdie Black.
8. Recitation from "Leah, the Forsaken."
   Miss Maggie Bays.

PART SECOND.

6. Chorus from "Queen of the Sea." *Hummel.*
   Chorus Class.
10. Piano Duet Radiense Waltz. *Gottschalk.*
    Misses Cheatham and Black.
11. Recitation—"Jerry and Me."
    Miss Lilian Staples.
12. Vocal Duet—Hear me, Norma. *Bellini.*
    Misses Hudgins and Gabriel.
13. Duo—Airs from Martha. *Flotow.*
    Misses Moore and May Gattis.
14. (*a*) "Dixie."
    (*b*) "The Old Home ain't What it Used to Be."
    (*c*) Old Kentucky Home.
    Minstrel Club.
15. Veil Movements
    Elocution Class.

The King's Daughters' Dep't.

EVA M. MILLER, Editor.

THE DOING OF LITTLE THINGS.

As long as I live to speak or write to the Daughters in our Order, I shall emphasize the doing of little things. That alabaster box of ointment, the washing of the dear, tired feet, all the stories told by our King himself in our New Testament, must not be lost on us. Nothing is small if we could see aright. O, how the little omissions of what you might have done for your precious mother will come up before you, after your mother has gone from earth, and the hot tears will spring to your eyes, and you will think, if not say, "Oh, if I had her back I would be more thoughtful." Ah, be thoughtful now! I said something like this once to some young people, and there was a lovely girl present wearing the cross, who was deeply touched. On her return home, to her mother's great surprise she threw her arms around her mother's neck, exclaiming: "Mrs. Bottome said we might not have our mothers long. Oh, mother, don't die till I have been thoughtful!" The mother laughed and told her she was likely to live some time. Not long after, as the mother unbuttoned her boots to put on her slippers, her daughter jumped up, excaiming: "Oh, mother, let me put on your slippers." A year after that I met the mother of that girl in a railway train, and she said to me: "I thought my daughter was always lovely, but for the last year she has been perfect; her thoughtfulness of me is something wonderful." And then she added: "Go on teaching our daughters to be thoughtful of their mothers."

I think now I have answered the question: Can children come into the Order? And let me say just here that a bit of royal purple is just as much a badge as the little silver cross. One of our daughters has a circle in "The Home for the Friendless," and the little girls have their bit of purple on their uniform apron. One day a little girl had been at work, and my young friend said to her: "You are a little girl to work so hard." The child touched her badge and answered: "I do it in His name."

Be patient, dear sisters, our new sisters; we will tell you, as far as we are able, what you want to know, but heed what the Editor has kindly put to help you get all the information you ask at the top of our page.

Again welcoming you into our Sisterhood of Service "In His name," I hope you will join me in one of my favorite prayers:

"To be made with Thee one spirit
Is the boon that I lingering ask;
To have no bar 'twixt my soul and thine,
My will to echo the will Divine;
Myself Thy servant for any task.
Life! Life! I may enter through Thee the door,
Saved, sheltered, forevermore!"

MRS. BOTTOME.

IF I WERE YOU, MY DEAR,

I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine frocks or impertinent men.

I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt, or the button on my shoe.

I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me had fallen in love with me.

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozart.

I would not, when I could only have one frock, choose a conspicuous one that would mark me as the girl in the red plaid.

I would not, because I was tired and nervous, give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.

I would not get in the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know; when you make them Tom, Dick or Harry, they are apt o consider you as Kate, Nell or Molly.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother—it is like listening to blasphemy.

I would not, when I brush the dust off my hat forget the cobwebs of distrust and suspicion in my brain.

I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend, nor would I ask her impertinent questions.

I would not write silly letters to young men, or permit them to be familiar with me.

I would not grow weary in well doing—instead, I would keep on encouraging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman, and the very fact of my trying so hard would enable me to achieve that which I wished.—*Selected.*

LADIES'

"DRY GOODS EMPORIUM."

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.

Gowns, 50 cts. to $3.00; Shirts, 50 cts. to $3.50; Drawers, 25 cts. to $1.50; Chemies, 25 cts. to $1.50; Corset Covers, 15 cts. to $1 00. Sales ladies to wait on you in this department.

Largest Assortment of Corsets

IN THE CITY.

Gloves in all the Latest Styles and Shades.

Dress Goods and Dress Trimmings

Reeeive close attention. The newest fabrics and latest styles can be found at our establishment. Largest and most beautiful styles in HANDKERCHIEFS in this section.

RAYMOND & POWELL,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

H. H. CARTLAND,

Merchant Tailor,

AND DEALER IN

FINE CLOTHS, CASSIMERES

AND FURNISHING GOODS,

South Elm St,, GREENSBORO, N. C.

NEW SHIPMENTS.

We will receive for our spring opening entire new lines of novelties in

Dress Goods and Trimmings.

Our collection of

WHITE GOODS, EMBROIDERIES AND LACES

for this summer will surpass in assortment, quantity and style that of any previous season. Buyers will find many advantages in an inspection of our stock before purchasing.

The Pretzfelder Dry Goods and Shoe Co.

W. B. FARRAR & SON,

WATCHMAKERS, OPTICIANS, ENGRAVERS

AND DEALERS IN

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, DIAMONDS,

Eye Glasses, Spectacles, &c.

Repairing Done in all its Branches.

No better work done in the United States. After you have failed elsewhere, send your work to them. All work warranted. Fine Work a specialty. Don't be deceived by cobblers or botches, but be sure that you find them and get the best work. Send your watches by mail or express.

SCIENCE WILL CONQUER!

Has made it possible to restore Defective Eye-Sight to Normal Vision, which will often cure headaches, pains and indigestion. No one is better prepared to fit all defects of the vision, such as Astigmatism, Hyperopia, Myopia, Presbyopia, or any compound defects Call and see or address,

Tate Cor., opp. Post Office, **GREENSBORO, N. C.**

ART MATERIAL. ART MATERIAL.

A full line of these goods, embracing

TUBE COLORS,

BRUSHES,

CANVASS,

PAPERS,

VARNISHES,

CRAYON,

Pencils, Rubbers, Stamps, &c.

Schools desiring these goods mould do well to correspond with us, as we pay special attention to that class of trade, and can furnish them cheap as Factory. All kinds of

Foreign and Domestic Art Material.

at Wholesale and Retail.

ODELL HARDWARE CO.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

Everything Pure and Fresh in Drugs

AND ELEGANT IN

Toilet Articles and Perfumery.

All the new drinks served at our handsome Soda Fountain.

Prescription Compounding our Specialty.

Orders by mail given prompt attention.

RICHARDSON & FARISS,

Successors to W. C. Porter.

Opp. Benbow House, PHARMACISTS.

C. M. VANSTORY & CO.'S

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fine Clothing, Hats

AND FURNISHING GOODS

FOR MEN YOUTHS AND BOYS.

Clergymens' Suits, Full Dress Suits and Suits made to order a specialty.

Respectfully,

C. M. VANSTORY & CO.,

Leading One Price Clothiers and Hatters, Greensboro.

MRS. S. E. BOBO,

118 South Elm St., Greensboro, N. C.

Has opened a new stock of

MILLINERY GOODS

at her store under the Benbow House. Her stock includes everything in the line. Call and examine her goods.

C. E. HOLTON,

DRUGGIST,

303 South Elm St., GREENSBORO, N. C.

Besides a complete line of all kinds of Drugs and Medicines, displays an important collection of foreign and American

PERFUMES, SOAPS, BRUSHES.

TOILET ARTICLES,

and every requisite for a young lady's boudoir. Especial attention to College patronage.

J. H. COLEMAN,

GUN AND LOCK SMITH

AND GENERAL REPAIRER OF

TRUNKS, VALISES AND ALL KINDS OF KEYS

104 Court House Squure,

GREENSBORO, N. C.

MRS. C. C. GORRELL & CO.

Respectfully call the attention of the ladies to their stock of

Millinery and Fancy Goods,

which they are offering at prices in reach of all. New goods received every few days. The popular "Centerneri" Kid Gloves are kept constantly by them.

LOOK HERE, YOUNG LADIES!

We are displaying the prettiest line of FINE DRESS GOODS AND DRESS TRIMMINGS ever opened in the city. Come and see. We will take pleasure in showing you through the stock, whether you are ready to buy or not. Our lines of White Goods, Laces, Embroideries, Gloves, Hosiery, Fans, Parasols, &c., are all full and attractive. Brown's One Price House is the acknowledged headquarters for Ladies' and Misses' Fine Shoes and Slippers. Goods delivered free in city limits. Mail orders have prompt attention.

SAMPLE S. BROWN & CO.,

232 and 234 South Elm Street, GREENSBORO, N. C.

F. FISHBLATE'S

IS HEADQUARTERS FOR

FINE CLOTHING,

Hats and Furnishing Goods.

We have all our goods manufactured and imported, and buy them in larger quantities than any other house in North Carolina, consequently we can underbuy and undersell all other houses that buy in small quantities and try to keep a little of everything.

We have suits to fit all sizes of men and boys.

We invite all college teachers and students to make our store their home when in Greensboro. We give special rates to all teachers and school boys.

Very respectfully,

F. FISHBLATE,

The only exclusive Clothier and Hatter of Greensboro, N. C.

SALESMEN:—W. R. Rankin, L. C. Howlett, J. W. Crawford, J. P. Scott and R. H. Ballance.

P. S.—Suits made to order from samples a specialty.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Call on Miss Wyche and learn how you can get

CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS

$3.00 Per Dozen.

Regular rate to College is $4 per dozen.

Ladies who get frames from me will please remember that I expect all bills to be paid at Commencement, or before they leave. I am very glad to give credit *until that time.*

Very respectfully,

S. L. ALDERMAN.

G. WILL. ARMFIELD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes,

Hats, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Trunks, Umbrellas,

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

Rugs, Mats, Curtains, &c.

SPECIALTIES:—Ziegler's Shoes, Bay State and Hess Celebrated Shoes.

Commercial Block, GREENSBORO, N. C.

M. S. OHUNDRO & CO.,

MILLINERY AND FANCY NOTIONS,

105 West Market Street.